

# BOILED ANGEL #6





BOILED ANGEL NUMBER SIX, FIRST PRINTING: 150 COPS. FOR X-TRA  
COPS OF THIS ISSUE SEND \$3.00 TO: MICHAEL C. DIANA P.O.BOX 5254  
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This is the #6 issue of Boiled Angel . I was at my job using the copy machine to print up the back cover of this issue and the cover stock paper got jammed in the copy machine and I was unable to get the copies out of the machine cuz I did not have the key to get into the machine. I left the copies in it hoping the woman in charge of the copy room would just clear the jam when she got in the next morning. Turns out that when she found my drawing she called the fucking pigs to try and bust me for using the copy machine. At the place were I work they had \$10,000. worth of computers stolen and it was someone who had access to the building that took the computers so they had a big bullshit meeting with me my boss a campus cop (pig) and my union rep. and they tried to pin the computers being stolen on me. They told me how bad the drawing I was copying was and that they did not want to trust me at the job with all the expensive junk they got in offices. They also told me that from seeing the drawing I was copying they had reason to believe Im satanic and they dont want satan worshipers working for them. I was put on suspension until I went ahead and resigned so that I would at least get my vacation pay that was saved up. Fuck those asshole dumb fucks now I understand all the better why people get pissed off and go on mass killing sprees, if I go on one its gonna be pretty messy, Im fucking pissed

This type writer is all fucked-up it is not me. The reason this page and a few other pages in this #6 issue are printed on white paper rather than color is cuz those are the pages I did not get a chance to print at my job for free, I had to get those pages done at a Largo print shop and it cost me \$ 125. just for those pages. I had to drop a whole 22 pages from this issue cuz of lack of cash to print the rest. Sorry to those that sent me stuff that I said I would put in the issue but did not. I am keeping these pages and will put them in the next issue whenever that is, gotta find a cool print shop that does not mind printing this strange stuff and will not charge me too much.

But sometime soon I will do my next issue in the Boiled Angel saga and god will weep again. Thanx to all the people below for their great submissions. It is all of you that make this publication special!! You all are playing an very important role in the downgrading of our society!!! My mom is also pissed at me for losing my job!

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WAKELET'S REALISMS #9 (S1 & SAGE from Joe Wakely, 9 Oregon Ave., Palmyra, NJ 08051) Another two-page and Wakely. This one is about changing the public school curriculum, especially to include more civics class. he wants the Constitution and UN Charter drilled into students, along with basic knowledge of laws and taxes. (5-3)







DIANE  
MILNE



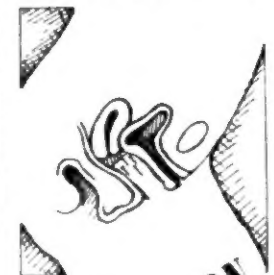
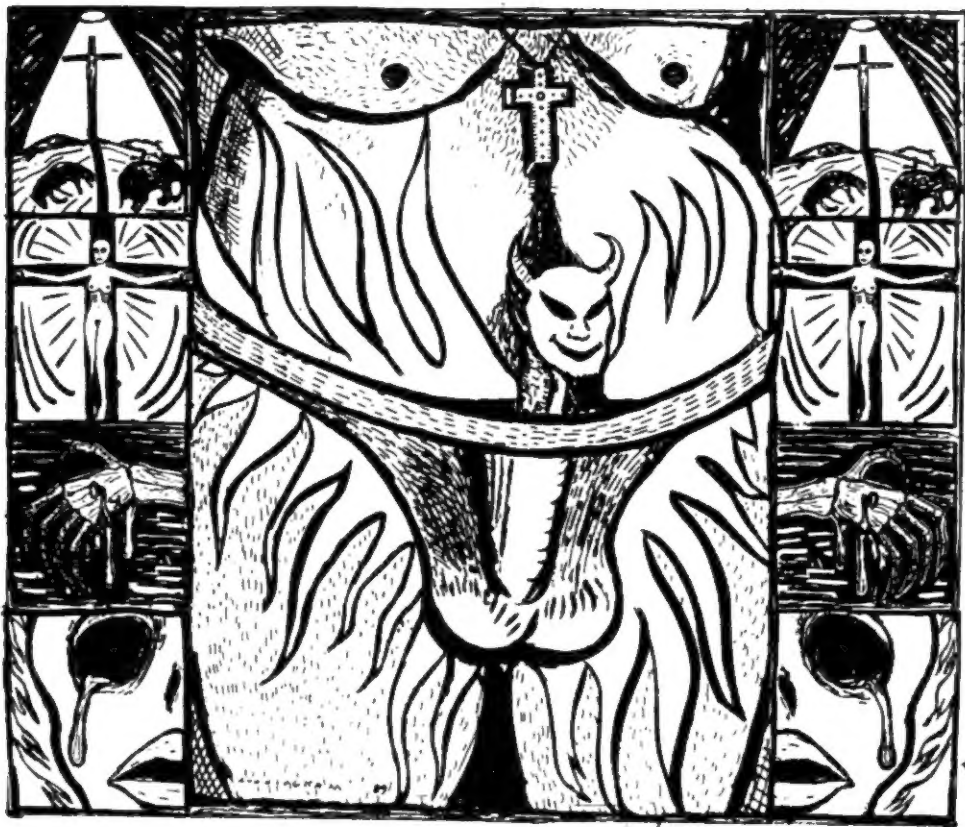


SAINT MRS.  
PAULS FISH  
STICK &  
CHRIST



MIKE DIANA '90



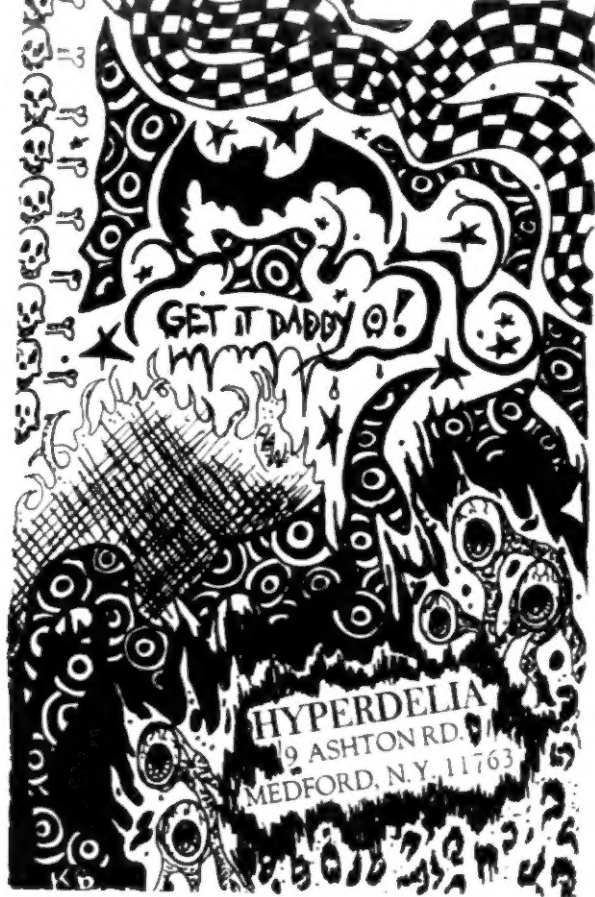


SINGLE, CLEAN

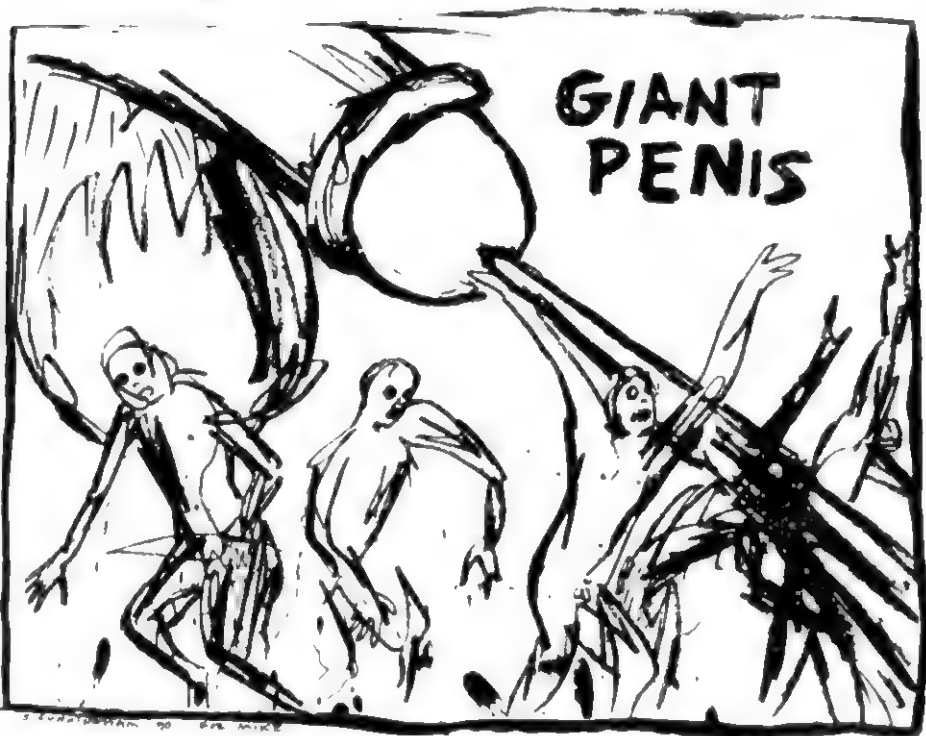
POST  
LIFE

MESTRUATION

VAGINAL CARE







**1932 Nazi Germany:** "Whoever publicly profanes the Reich or one of the states incorporated into it, its constitution, colors or flag or the German armed forces, or maliciously and with premeditation exposes them to contempt, shall be punished by imprisonment." December 19, 1932, RGB 1-1, Statutory Criminal Law of Germany

**1989 U.S.A.:** "The Congress and the States shall have the power to prohibit the act of desecration of the flag of the United States and to set criminal penalties for that act." June 22, 1989, H.J. Resolution 305, Proposed Amendment to the U.S. Constitution

Infection

CERVICITIS

LOOK FAMILIAR?

1983 Suspect *Looker* in the killing of four White Plains, New York women within seven months. The killings suddenly stopped and the case is still open.







## The Death of Mark Kilroy

**MARK KILROY DIED BECAUSE** he was a victim of circumstances. He died because he had blonde hair and Anglo good looks. He died because he happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time according to the people responsible for his murder.

The beavishly handsome student was a marked man from the moment he acknowledged the salvation from the mysterious English-speaking Mexican in downtown Matamoros. That man and three others were under orders from *El Padrino*, Adalberto Jesus Guastanzo, to find a strong, healthy Gringo male as a sacrifice to the dark forces that they believed protected them from the police and rival gangs.

Mark, tall, haired and muscular from years of school athletics, seemed like the ideal candidate for the Godfather's evil plan, and the men, riding in a pickup and a car, stalked him like hungry jungle cats.

The unsuspecting premed student probably could have escaped Mexico with his life had he and his friend, Bill Huddleston, continued walking toward the bridge leading to the U.S. border. Unfortunately it wasn't to be. Feeling a call to nature, Bill ducked down a darkened side alley to find a private place to relieve himself, leaving Mark — disoriented from a night of guzzling beer — alone for just enough time for the hunters to close in.

Bill later told police that he was gone for more than two or three minutes, but it was time enough for the four men to snatch his friend and drag him into the night.

The leader of the kidnap team was twenty-year-old Serafin Hernandez Garcia, a wiry, dimbly faced middle-class youth who had graduated from Nimitz High School in Houston the same year Mark Kilroy graduated from Santa Fe High. Like Mark, Serafin had played high school baseball, but apart from that consideration, the two boys could hardly have been more different.

Whereas Mark was intelligent, dedicated and secure in his firm Christian faith, Serafin had become accustomed to the rich, flashy and risky lifestyle that drug smuggling provided. He asked the excitement, the money, fast cars and fancy clothes. And while it might be debatable if the gang's success

was a direct result of Guastanzo's bastard, but he indulged in the fantasy that profits were up and his lifestyle better than ever since the enigmatic Cuban had entered his life. So when Guastanzo ordered him to find a Gringo to appease the gods, Serafin didn't argue. He just did what had to be done.

The kidnapping plan was deceptively simple. Serafin, standing next to the pickup truck, merely called to Mark in English. When Mark stepped over to talk to the young Mexican, he was grabbed and roughly pushed into the truck's cab and securely stuffed between Serafin and another gang member. The kidnapping happened so quickly and was carried out so smoothly that passersby on the neon-lit street didn't notice anything at all.

Even though his senses may have been dulled from alcohol, Mark probably put up a spunky fight inside the cramped truck cab. He was a muscular 170 pounds and a sturdy six-foot-two inches, but he kept in fighting trim with regular exercise and good food. But although he kicked and attempted to strike at his attackers with his fists according to his captors, the odds were against him. He was easily subdued.

The sounds of merrily laughter and hubbub on the busy Avenida Alvaro Obregón, where resellers were heading back to the Gateway International Bridge after a night of partying, were beginning to fade in the distance when Serafin stopped the truck near the De Prado Hotel about three blocks down the road to urinate. Allegedly, the scrappy young Texan realized that he had one more chance to escape, and he started fighting again. He managed to hurl his way out of the truck and bolted away.

Mark ran as fast as he could, but the uneven contest ended abruptly when gang members, serving as the rear guard, piled out of their car and car him off. David Sierra Vaider and another ally grabbed him and roughly hauled him back to the car, and this time they tied his hands and blindfolded him before tossing him into the back seat for the ride to the Santa Feeta Ranch, some twenty miles outside Matamoros.

The bump ride to the cult's isolated home base was a slow one that took the kidnappers and their helpless victim through the grimy backstreets of Matamoros and past the industrial section where a sizable percentage of the city's population earned their living. As the moon moved out and the city shadows and buildings gradually gave way to freshly tiled produce stalls, the beautifully illuminated by a quarter moon.

Mark's mop of fashionably trimmed short hair caught the headlights, a notable mark that was an "X" and that sexists who his kidnappers had been seeking for. When Mark's friends learned later of the bizarre selection process, they were stunned. It seemed that they too may have been stalked by the cultists, and any one of them could just as easily have been singled out and snatched away when their defenses were weak. But it was Mark who was let









Mark Kilroy



Bradley Moore, Brent Martin, and Bill Huddleston

LET US BOW  
to SATAN



FUCK

GOD

O MY GOD, I AM  
HARDLY SORRY



**Fuck That Weak Shit**

MIKE DIANA '90



# GOD MAKES ME LAUGH

## Prayer Before A Crucifix

Jesus, I have crucified You by my sins  
My sins of the flesh have scourged Your back  
My sins of the mind have crowned You with thorns  
My sins of the tongue have turned a loud for Your  
Crucifixion

My sins of pride have put a red rag on Your  
shoulders  
And a lead into Your hands  
My sinful loves have driven the nails into Your side  
My dishonesty has nailed Your hands to the Cross  
My venial sins have stepped You in the face



The greatest masturbation device yet

One day Jesus was out back eatin' the  
Virgin Mary's pussy, Joseph was watchin'  
through a keyhole, jackin' off, while God  
was layin' down drunk peenin' all over the roof.  
The Angels were all out in the fields cut-  
fuckin' the sheep but the Devils just sat  
around indoors playin' poker and mindin' the-  
own business.

Heard you dear, you were working in the garden and you discovered Jesus

Blessed are you who hunger  
Blessed are you who are poor  
Listen all of you Love your enemies  
Do good to those who hate you Pray for the  
happiness of those who curse you, implore God's  
blessing on those who hurt you

If someone slaps you on one cheek let  
him slap the other too! If someone demands  
your coat, give him your shirt besides Give  
what you have to anyone who asks you for it  
and when things are taken away from you don't  
worry about getting them back

The devil is your father,  
and you prefer to do  
what your father wants



Spread The Word...  
**Satan Is Cool**

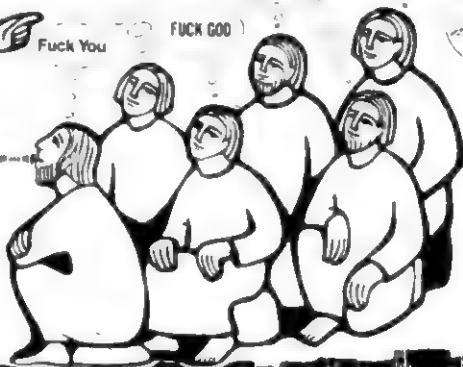
Asshole Blow Me

Queer

Eat Shit

FUCK GOD

Fuck You



FOR LAUGHS





WHOEVER EATS MY FLESH WILL LIVE IN ME AND I IN HIM. (JOHN 6 57)

— — — FINE —

I've traveled so many miles to be with you,  
down so many dead-end roads  
now that I'm here  
what should I do  
what can happen next  
should I just let instinct take over  
or should I let you call me  
first

$\text{Set } z_1, z_2, \dots, z_n \text{ to be the } n \text{ roots of the polynomial } P(x) = x^n + a_{n-1}x^{n-1} + \dots + a_1x + a_0$

The *Journal of the American Medical Association*

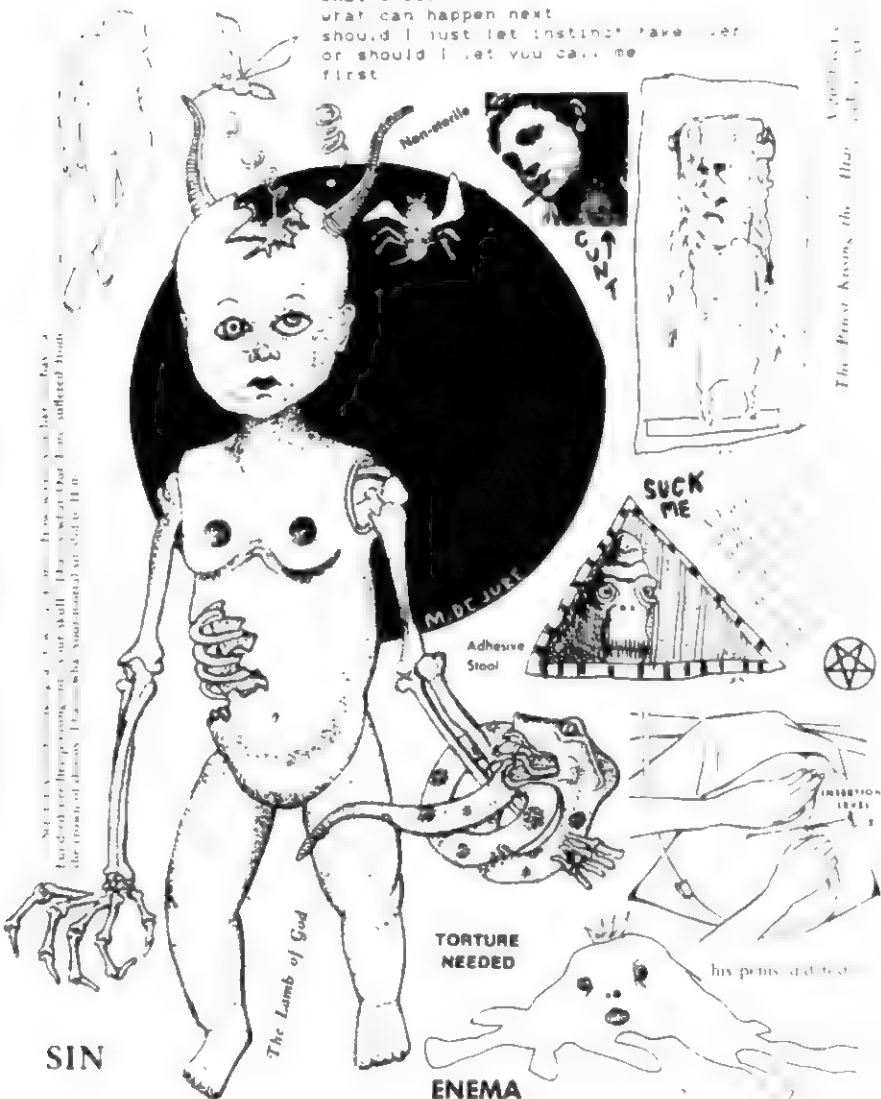
SIN

*The Lamb of God*

**TORTURE  
NEEDED**

## ENEMA

his poems did to us?





LETHAL INJECTION

by

Gomez Robespierre

The hell-hunt. . ; choking slime roars like mad, terrifying junk rattling and swaying. . , enormous shivering and massed sulphurations frying the atmosphere. . , obscene cascades of volcano flowers blot out and splinter the twisted cyclone belly crushed in the gutter. . . in the abyss. . . roasted bodies done to a turn--hiccuping pussy flames gurgling, molten guts dancing on a gilded volley of rage shooting the angels--split kisses drinking carcass oil twirling and loaded--a crushing blast pulverizes the steaming clouds, dreamward tears sprung from plum eyes. . . splendid drunken charms the jittery boiling artifice wild fresh diabolical rush white murdered abominable shame swollen moontoads loathsome greasy bodies. . . pungent sizzle. . . pissy salamanders. . . slake your thirst on hot vinegar. . . munch out on sore flesh. . . youve got the eternal time jiggers. . . stinking oaths howled

of by the occupants of small-fry dunghills. . . crazy cracks  
of obedience -the sweet soul shatters. . . hidden magical flut-  
tering. . . synthetic smiles down the drain in a rusty whirlpool  
of bile and snot. . . elegant bloody music and the rotten whirl  
of wings. . .

The granite ghost whisper. . . the misery hyphenates my  
ears I'm slumped in weakness I've a taste for the blood of  
prayer--but I cant repent, I cant repent. . . , wouldnt do not  
good noway. . . a little prison to our wasted impotent Saviour  
. . . , crumpled with plump ruthless oblivion. . . memory streams  
flowing with the grim deprivation of a heaven bereft of its  
peculiar atomic pleasures and coruscating promises. . .

The year abounds in pluvial portents: acid rains, squeal-  
ing piglet showers, monsoons of Sonoran desert loads. . . cats  
and dogs of every conceivable breed. . . saliva fizzling out  
of God's open trembling mouth, His teeth green His gums pur-  
ple and purulent. . .

Outside. . . outside. . . I hear it all from my lonely  
pale roidy bed, these unnatural happenings, cold shadowy hands  
attending the final traces of emotion, of feeling, of pity from  
my arid heart, my shattered soul coughing and gasping. . .  
empty branches in my soul's frozen burnt forest. . . it's the  
thing you live with. . . it feeds heavily off you; and you, in  
turn, redistribute it back by the bucketload. . . over and  
over. . . and you know of no other way. . .

Blank ripples of acid fishb. . . blank desire narrow  
bars of kindness, it's empty in the pale grief passage. . .





... take a look, ... for eyes  
it is too, ... at you to watch, ... throw down the  
... but not left for word, let the rain of other them for to  
... in the ... the ... Achilles, ... of ...  
... Achilles, ... of ...  
... of ...  
... let them first their  
... their ... only metal teeth, ... you  
stay ... with ... precious silence holy  
... does it ... after, ... a fire within the testes,  
... for ... the vis defrens, ... and for what? for  
...

my axes of ... away at your face, cover never a ...  
ward, fuck it, ... brilliant sheen of oily dago hair the  
... always right hand the datsy thing, said, ... little  
... for ... the organs of ...  
... of ... have mercy, ... and deep  
... under the ... as all it takes, the ... artery,  
... the ... confusing things the ...  
... the ... spinning ...  
...

... that easy ...  
... that ...  
... greyback ...  
...  
...  
...  
...  
...  
...  
...

... was writhing undulating the stone star cracks in half the  
... like liquid sparks dotting in a crevice between the  
... future and lost suspended present her Oriental eyes, the  
... , long black hair, finer than any silk, incomparable;  
... and blinding. . . small bits with tiny stiff nipples;  
... of a bit embarrassed by their size. . . marbled white flesh  
... a possessive touch to bring equanimity. . . to soothe the pul-  
... and quivering. . . to give me a nanosecond of rest: listen:  
... arselessness: only the melodious lull of gravity and grace. . .

It became a ritual, a daily happening:

A small chunk of reptile aluminum barely flickering fugi-  
... love and young pasty adults march in dark dignity  
... their reproductive behaviours. . . their darting oxy-  
... dances. . . my impassive sister ... strands of vaginal  
... between her fingertips and ... applying thumbscrews  
... screams of agony and pleasure  
... crackling bagpipe samplings  
... of vomit

"I want you for dinner," I tell her. . .

"Make it your best," howling back a sob. . .

"There'll be plenty in it for you, bitch," I say. . .

"Whatever you say. . ."

The forbidden, trump risk of our extraterrestrial warrior  
... heritage

"You're despicable!" she says, and me sliding my primal  
... behaviours into her goony modern world. . .

No reason to lie about the matter. . . my shame and sorrow

and sleazy residual guilt

I have no friends I dont talk to strangers.

I hold back and keep in my feelings and thoughts.

I murder the dead.

I commit suicide every second of every minute of every hour of every day of every week of every month of every year of  
fleeting spider caresses circling in opaque scents chasing curses  
abandoned in the reflected deserts of my sister's bitter eyes  
grasping at the thin tenuous midnight harmonies, knives of  
violet vapour in her hands and I could not decipher the meaning  
of her sob-choked utterances what with her stabbing away. . .

I followed the echoes of her withdrawal, the trail of semen  
on the burnished stone floors. . . my happy tired skin stood  
witness to her misery, and when she reached out her hand with  
beckoning eyes like a melting ice painting, I slapped her her  
spasmodic tears churning slapped her slapped her again and again  
and again her spasmodic fears attack in the guise of fuzzy ap  
paritions zooming and beating their viscous gnarled reptilian  
wings. . .

Licking my sister's fat spittle-coated lips her heart  
thumping and smoking in perverse abandon, the fumes rising  
from her flared nares her hand rubbing the lump in my crotch  
the black flashing seconds assault the cold climate drive of my  
squashed cellophane astral self. . .

The stark truth. Of my pumping dick. Slicing into my sis  
ter's soft purplepink twisted surgically-implanted nightmare.

Hot ponderous pavilions of fried Lebanese bread kabobs  
and fancy decorated moneymeat pies--

Stables of sliced ghastly junk cooked then skewered on a  
fascinating temporary blind prickly rod of huge thorny unpleasant  
puerile memories

Hygienic prizes appear in a limited way in this oscillating  
cracked rib universe beyond future renaissance gasps--

Nasty strip gardens trampled by nubian goats that relish  
leather fruit and plastic chocolate music bags--

Low-margin bottled thieves eating goigopa and drinking  
mango juice bubbly tastes seep from the blistered tongues of  
lying pederast priests -

Indian acrobats pick hours of peace from the sentient trees  
carousel oaths revolving around around and around--

The polished terminal act of contrition--

Blue goose wings in gourmet attitudes--

Portable horse hills every spring on the bare wood park  
where Noah's ark children and their nine commandments bludgeon  
the menagerie spinning with refurbished gold cow attention--

Fantastically rich fiber glass foot races joined by half-  
dozens of ethnic micro-brewers speeding and dancing at the peak  
of their bloom emblazoned with wild rice intermission goodies--

Hey-Yo!--The numbing sideshow: You can watch my sister and  
I eat aureate snakes spat out by moist prowling one-dimensional  
machines, their gnashing flashing fangs and black rasping split  
tongues licking the phlegmy whispers from my raw ulcerated throat  
pulling my sister's nipples, twisting them in a parched grumble

of dazzling broken delirium--

warm charred disease sputum drips into the sleeping marble vat brittle with mistrust and I'm freaked out with the need to possess my sister, to excavate her soul, it's a tomb of despair and obscene giddiness.

fingering her hairy grotto of twilight pulchritude, my fingers sliding up-and-down her purplepink slit splunging in and slipping out her stinking hot breath on my balls picking at the nodes, picking at the vericose veins on my hairy nuts, I forget the technical name, but she's drawing blood, her tongue laving the veined gnarled swollen shaft the accursed jit percolating deep within the cachoons, the roaring Godzilla fever her fingers worming their way up my asshole and I'm pulling her twatlips apart, thrusting my face into her, eyes like searchlights, the red walls of her inner sanctum grinding obsessive wealth junkie funhouse children that's all, really

fireworks when she comes

lurid gleaming joy landscapes puffing out contracting spasming flames vibrating flux I'm slurping her sloppy pussy split engorged sky thrashing moaning writhing on our filthy bed, the cockroaches do their mad demonic mud stomp on the shit-smeared sheets my sister's panties my ragged fingernails scraping her tender labia she's got both my balls in her mouth, trying to pop a few veins, a couple blood vessels, oh, she's a sly one, yanking on my long swollen dick, squeezing the blue head, some nice pain, yeah, helps in the long run, with the karma I mean, rubbing and yanking, the pre-come's dribbling out in a thin steady stream and then a flash of tongue along the length of the shaft

and then pop! both nuts back in her mouth, she sucking and cursing, the words muffled by testicle and damp fuzz. . . my mind's drifting. . . like a ship made of tattered ration-  
alizations adrift on a murky vitiated sea of asphyxiated reality the lamb's shaving the sea with a straightedge, mentholated foam static and hard and--

the corkscrew unlocks the doorway to the furnace a rush of wind filled with the dust of old tomes. . . a life of flattened wishes strewn across a collapsed bleeding rainbow. . . lotus petals, stained and poisoned with ignorance, scattered on the tatooed soil. . . twisted cage flight of the cannibal canary peeling happy smile faces from automobile wreckage the bodies like burnt steak Cupid's arrow misses by a mile, he's drunk on Pimm's Cup preheat the oven

I'm drinking her heart, licking her soul, but I dont taste nothin' . . . frozen faded starlight on her scarred jigglng buttocks she really has to do something about that fucking cellulite on the bottoms of her asscheeks the tops of her thighs I cant stand it wallop her upside her head. . . I've gobbled up her shallow unfocused lust and we've erupted into a putrid conflagration, the smug curdled lunar flames singe my clogged lungs and I suddenly remember why I gave up playing with my dick it was because it no longer gave me any kind of satisfaction--besides, I couldnt focus the fantasy thing correctly, you know what I mean. . . --anyway, I'm digging for grubs in the red crystallized soil in my backyard --overcast sky making bubbles in the bloodstream. . . microscopic spiny neoplasms on the inner walls of the aorta--mica particles glisten on the outfolded labia--osculation by the now-transparent



NEW BODIDHARMA fragmenting. . . , splintering--fuzzy dry seed-  
lings ride the yellow wind journey out through midnight bright-  
ness across depthless pools of black semen. . . tongue collects  
the sparkling fragments. . . electric shudder of pleasure beasts  
chewing cud in placid meadows of paper diamond grass- her bruised  
face, her lactating tits, her stretch-marks her stretched cunt,  
the almost-invisible lines and the shadows beneath her eyes. . .

My fingers unhooked the little clips of my sister's bra  
and the cups eased away from her droopy fleshy orbs I massaged  
her nipples groped the tops of her thighs and moved to her  
fleece vaginal flesh.

Her thrumming body sucked in my hard come-coated fist I  
slammed and withdrew slammed and withdrew again and again with  
my thick slimy cudgel she made squelching sounds like a pig  
her randy fury my balls slapping against her confused erotic  
mind.

My veined root. Her smoking pussy. My lover. Her lover.  
Thick saliva dragging her face. The juice pit. The wet hungry  
hole. Her abominable womb. I can hear the screams I heard the  
screams I felt the thumping and jostling the movement thunder  
above, the welkin, I feel the rumbling and

Drink the strange objects and fill the throat with hanging glass  
journeys so vivid and softly licentious

The sensual creeping. . . deep swollen gyrations visualized--  
my whole being desperate and polluted. . . my mind and body

a hint and bending with urgent spewing iniquitous delights

That fateful day, that fateful morning, that fateful night. . .

I could barely tolerate the rotating whispers inside my head  
. . . the nibbling at my brain. . . the abundant mumbling eluding  
the tantalizing kisses of ejaculation

The abused erotic odor gratifying my sick blistered need

The heady sleep of dribbling black-deviled low groans across  
the crinkled hole. . . shaking, trembling. . . every decaying  
blood vessel, every bone, every muscle, every inch of my being  
split with contaminated rapture the celestial bodies leaking  
hazy languid compressed despair and loathing--I am horrified  
I am fascinated--There is pain and abominable pleasure. . .  
The sticky horns pierce my hands and fingers caressing the  
slithery prong. . . contorting and pulsating frantically. . .  
frigging the snatches of words. . . fucking the clear sleeve  
surrendering to the sheer carnal mourning

My seclusion leaves a cool vacancy which, in its pressing smooth  
efficiency, squeezes my flesh through the wandering deliberation  
of so many longlegged spiders sampling the chaffed, cracked,  
peeling epidermis clamping down on today. . . , wandering off  
into the anger of the horizon

My eyes snapped and my face covered the ripped awakening of the  
bleak sensual dawn. . . the mastery of my secret probing love. . .

roving the globe, feeling the pale unmistakable rhythm, the age-old tempo relaxing the stumpy silent stems of crimson--I marvel at the confinement of time--at the growth of my sterile clean eagerness, devoid of chivalry--ah, the throbbly obscene descension

I lock my wildness into the atmosphere. . . , and with one long lunge I slip this clinging dependency into the completeness of her energy: and she clings to my pounding feverish vicious behaviour:

My omnipotent cock. Her slithery splayed folds. Lust obliged. Plenty of swallowing. Her grip. Swine. We gasp. Her triangle of wet hairs. Her bruised stubbly thighs. The stiff cunt summit. The lips crudely dragging further apart. Prolonged contortion fucking. Chewing with fleshy flat adoration. Expensive debauchement following precisely like a torrid chauffeur. Loving my distinguished manhood. Stripped her dome. Large and hot raging slick expression. Her merciless thighs clutching my steaming willingness. Discarded iron-hot sweets. Mood of justification. Luring pajama mouth. Greedy nights of private mental thing. Probing savagely. Swift and flapping. A slobbering brute sliding into ultimate dog slumber. Hidden balls drained so dry. Short explicit orders. Sexual duties. Cunt bone bobbing bald. Clitoral stub menace and puffy sensitive vile thrusts. Sadistic pervert. Soundproofed nipple agony. The maniac walls approaching orgasm. Meaty perspiration. Slim dull blue ugly teeth marks. The electric bloodfuck. Sheer wet wanton replica. Fiercely relaxed tits.

grotesque shaggy peak. Speeding belly shock. Glistening dummy monster. Dog-fucked anus bud. Struggles of blatant frenzied cylinder of solid rubber. Tearing and destroying every membrane inside her. Wicked. Excruciating soul ecstasy. Real harm shreds the rectum sheath. Cuntal tunnel tinged with cockknob time slime. Male stink hair. The bizarre juice affairs. Horribly straight crumpled tantrums. My firm lovely brain. Lewd mesmerized cold knots. The fearsome sweat rod. Inches from a strangled taste of semen. The milk of persuasion. Silly boy. Pulsating purple-pink crotch flesh. Giant naked spellbound bloated plumhead. Utterly fearsome teasing breath. Red raw paralysis. Rotating oval jerk feast. Slit agape and heaving. Her sore horny arse. The growing enormity of grinning earth guts. Cunt paradise. Vibrant dick darling. Smoldering bongo bowels. The infamous basement floor. Thick pile of strange evil rites. A rude anxious bargaining. Angry risk position. Tall breastal candles. Gleaming exhilarated gyrating knees. Shoulders touching buttocks. Silent claws dropping crazed sensual tatoos despoiled in hobnobbing fashion. Swaying spasms shake her from head to toe. The circle of candlelight. Long thick balls massaged by cracked palms. Cruel rut-stem. Bulging horrid lipsticked filth shadows. Bitterly ashamed and spewing hot roe. A pungent goosing. The arch-priest of craving moaning air. Jab her. Lift the kneeling congregation of two. My cock rearing between her befuddled drugged murmurs insane splintered nirvana. We belong. We belong. Together. Belong together. Pure and rotten. Flooding her mouth killed the cat. Dog died when her twat overflowed. The altar that is her body. The communion that is my dreaded meat

vessel which contains the sacred divine blessed greasy thick white wine. Chalice and host all rolled into one. Convenient. The mass. The mass that is our conventicle. A terrific animal kick. Pangs of fiendish torture. Betwixt us. Madness. Perfect and powerful.

Bullseye.

She cannot and or will not talk anymore, my sister. . .

I feed her pills and perform my sacred daily libations:-- I piss in her mouth she is very happy though I miss her screaming and crying. . . , her pleadings and protestations. . .

She stays in the magic basement with the infant, the child getting an occasional suck of the tit. . . a few spoonfuls of Kal-Kan. . .

The brat, however, compensates for my sister's silence: the stinking little bitch never stops bawling. . . . puling night and day. . . she is jaundiced, I believe. . . probably from using a dirty needle on her. . . but she needed a distemper shot, they all do, from what I hear, so I whipped up a batch of stuff with my chemistry set. . . only the best for my sweet gurgling purplered baby. . .

Ah, the love of a father for his child--and dont ask me how, somehow, I knew it would be a bitchling. . . , dont ask me why or how--I know it, knew it. . . my crying shrieking dark dianthus glob. . .

We keep her in a box lined with newspaper and sawdust. . . lovely makeshift playpen, only the best. . .

Ah, to while away the shackled hours watching her gag

and wheeze and wretch. . . koochie-koo, little one. . . goo-  
goo. . . boo boo koo. . . da-da. . . koochie-koo. . .

it was all it was all I couldn't take it it couldn't take me  
choking choking gagging on the stench of baby shit and urine  
my tongue drove into her, sliced into the bawling slug, slurp-  
ing and sucking

and and

and I began, I begin, I don't know, it seems to happen constant-  
ly, in my mind, over and over again, endlessly, and and I began  
to chew, eat, devour the baby. . . prizing the wet moist in-  
fantile flanges of her vagina apart. . . parting the tiny slit  
. . . I kissed and prodded. . . like a reptile, my tongue work-  
ing up and in

I

I remember I remember the horrid groaning rut, the dead-  
ly inflamed shadows; I remember, I see it all now I remember  
the slow dismay and the decrepit shame. . . spewing my filth  
gasping and swallowing in brutish wanton ecstasy--the strange  
thrilling loathing engulfing me, digesting me, processing me  
and absorbing everything. . .

-How I remember! it's happening now, now, right now!--like I  
said! my sister's baby; my daughter!--Christ Almighty Jesus,--  
The Horrible Blood Night!--my teeth shredding her soft flabby  
raw flesh my face buried between her tiny flailing legs my  
soul already buried in hell--This Altar of Heaving Insaneness,  
my Holy Solemnization. . . the rutting desire of my drugged  
debauched blackened spirit

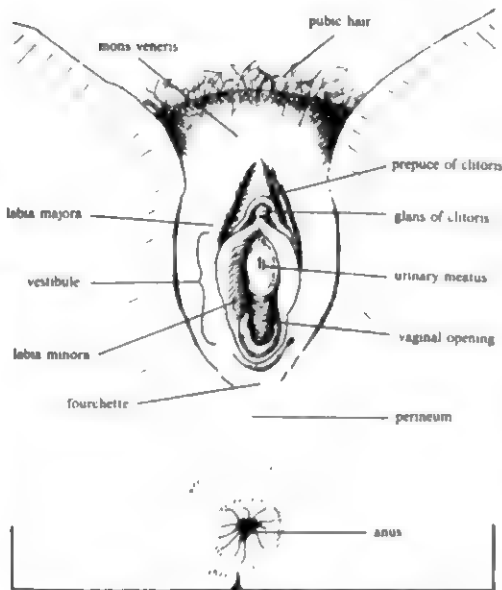
# Slaughter of Innocent Women, Babes, even Fetuses ordered by Lord

and and I remember yes remember my sister tearing away at  
my hair, scratching my face kicking at my crotch, the windows  
shattering the doors being kicked in, the neighbors pouring  
in, rushing at me, trying to pry the infant away, coaxing,  
and the constable finally getting the red wet pultaceous mess  
from my clutches oh oh

The suffering has finally ended.

The torments have just begun.

The End



The female external genital organs

## FEMALE INFANT

1. Spread the labia and place a bird-seed cup or Spicer infant urinal over the urethra
2. Hold in place by a pinned 3-corner diaper or by a T binder





Y ou Love Our Black Asses Cause We Fuck You Up

You Chicken Ass White Fag A-hole Mother-fuck Shit

Liberal First Amend This

Chicken Shit Honkey

Weasel Shit

Dog Ass White Punk Pussy

We Fuck Your Woman And

Leave Em Fo Dead You Pussy

Peace Of Shit.

Love,  
Leroy And  
Leon

6-3-90

HURRAY YO ASS  
I WANNA CLUB  
DIS BITCH!!!

yo hold off, bin  
almost up to my elbow  
in this about white assies.



We Dont Need No Vietnam War

we got a war in our streets!

DONT WORRY  
YOR LILY WHITE  
ASS - WE BE  
KILLIN EACH OTHER  
- TOO.

CULTURE  
IS  
DEAD!

I'm  
Leavin!



NEW  
YORK  
VS  
L.A.

YOU BETTER  
WORRY PUSSY  
WHITE BOY CU  
I CAN PISS N  
SHOOT AT THE  
SAME TIME.  
FAG SHIT

Here,  
Leon 'n  
Berry

Watch Your Ass

White Man You Fucked Us Up We Fuck You  
Your Culture Is Dying And We Just Helping  
We Poor We  
Black And You  
White Fags  
Fucked Up!



I FUCK  
YOUR WIFE  
BUT DEN I  
FUCK YOU!

Love,  
Leroy

I'm  
Leavin'



**Y**our **L**ying **L**iberal **C**ulture **C**an't **S**tomach **T**his **S**hit  
Because **Y**ou **C**an't **F**ace **Y**our **F**ears **W**hile **Y**ou **P**anics  
**R**un **A**round **S**creamin' **Y** **L**iberal **D**om

**FUCK**

FIRST  
AMEND THIS  
YOU WHITE WHORE  
FUCKIN' PIECE  
OF TRASH!

**WHITE**

**CULTURE**

Love,  
Leon  
& Leroy 9/10

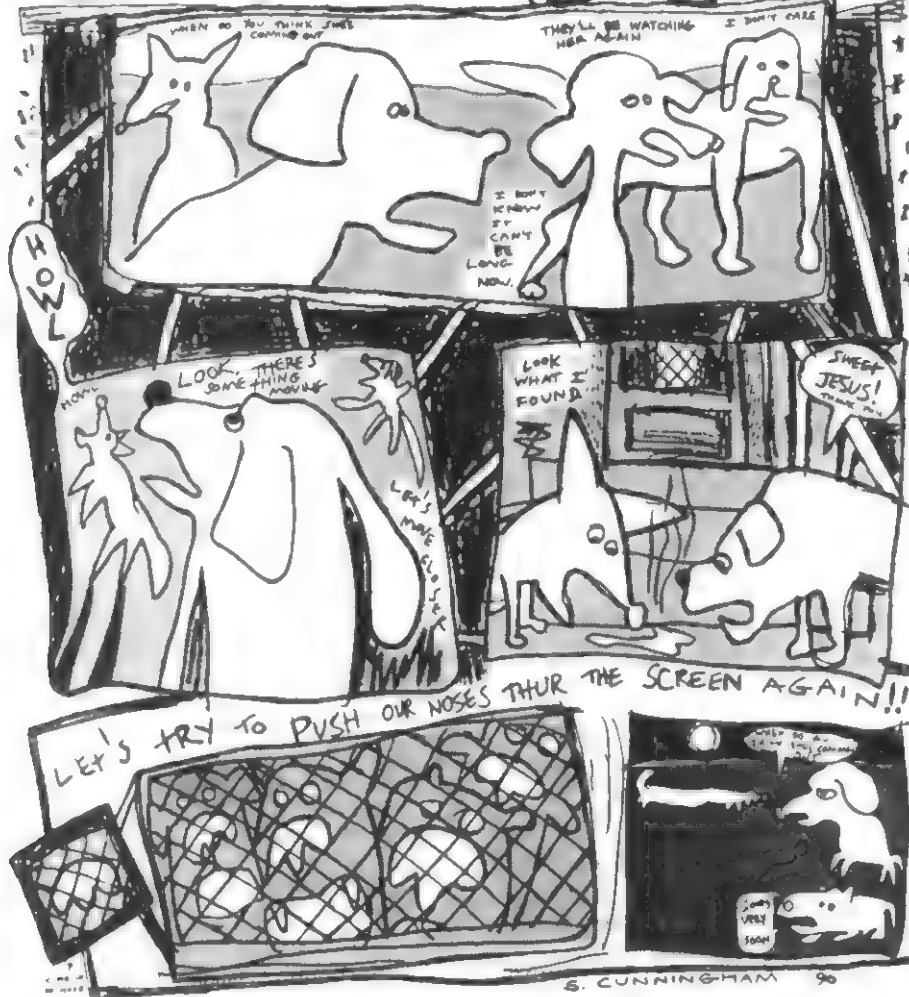






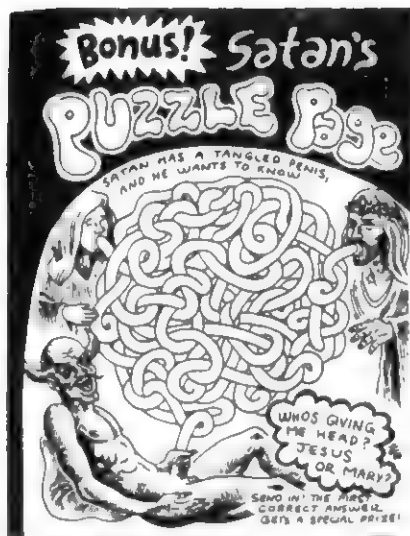


# DOGS IN HEAT









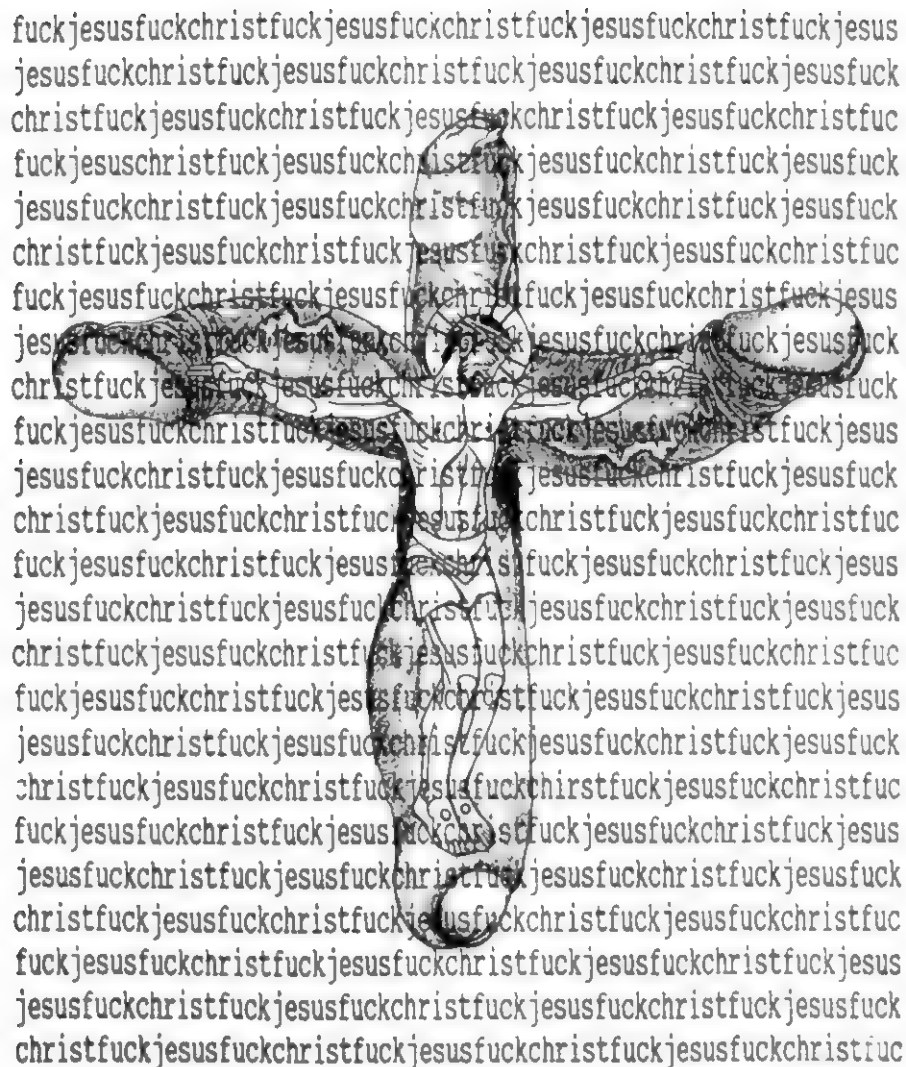
VAGINA



Why do you think he was  
so happy? You were too little  
to play with. All you could do  
was eat and sleep and cry!









### BABYKILLER

to look at your are  
and see it as flesh  
and see it as meat  
and see the blood  
to look at a crowd  
and see it as food

I wait  
for little boys  
coming home from  
school  
I cook  
two or three dozen  
chocolate chip cookies a week  
to keep them occupied  
while I pull  
out the leather straps  
and handcuffs  
from out of the closet

you are so soft  
I love the feel of your silky-smooth skin  
before aone  
before whiskers  
you're perfect

standing in the playground  
by the jungle-gym  
talking to the teachers  
making myself comfortable  
of course I'm your mother  
my heart yearns for you  
and my hands  
are hungry

### ICEPICK

Sliding silently down the aisle  
icepick in hand  
having the time of my life taking your  
life icepick in the back bringing you  
to orgasm in the  
back of the  
theatre in the  
dark where no one ever  
looks and death your death  
is the climax



Holly Day  
P.O. Box 284  
H.B., CA 92648



# WHORE ORGY

THE GREEN RIVER KILLER



THE GREEN RIVER KILLER, A  
ENJOYED THE PLEASURES OF ST  
POLY WAS DISCOVERED IN 1983  
VICTIMS HAVE SHOWN UP  
HIGHER VICTIMS BUT THERE'S A  
RE AS HIGH AS 6, OR MORE.

ENTLY A MAN BY THE NAME OF  
THE WHORES HAS COME INTO  
IN CANADA BY A  
RAPE HER. SAILERS PASSIONS  
HAPING THEM REPEATEDLY AND  
LIVES ALIVE WHILE  
THEM AT A LATER DATE  
DEATHS IN MAY 1981 THAT RESEMBLE THE BRILLIANT GREEN RIVER KILLER.

LISTFUL BENIS...  
REED WHERE...  
STATE GIVEN A...  
THAT CAN BE LABELED...  
POSSIBILITY THE...

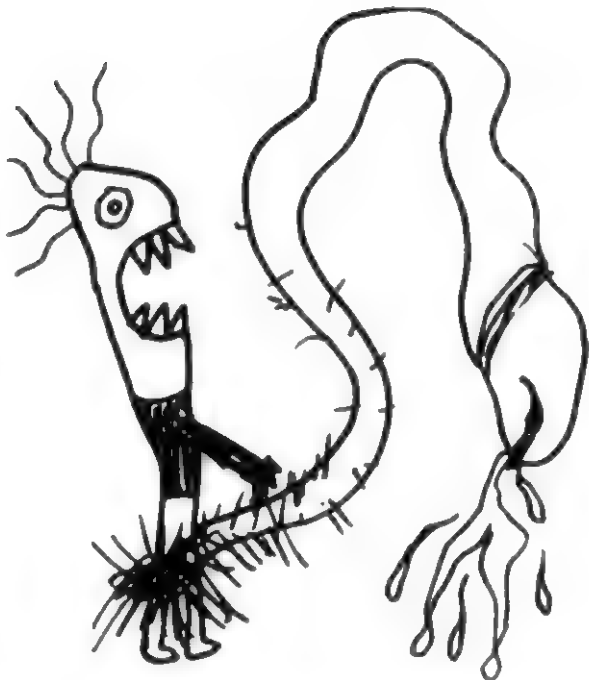
PI HARI SAILERS...  
THE PICTURE...  
COMING WITH A...  
IN THE...  
THEN...  
TAKING...  
SAILERS...

PAINT

P.O. Box 7150 1

Waco, Texas 76799

BIRTH CONTROL  
VAGINAL HEALTH



PROPAGANDA FOR CULTURAL TERRORISM

# TORN SCROTUM



TORN SCROTUM IS A FORUM  
OF ALTERNATIVE IDEAS AND CONCEPTS.  
IN SHORT A REAL FUCKED RAG!  
ART, FICTION, ARTICLES, POETRY,  
CONTACTS, NEWS ON A VARIETY OF  
OBSCURE AND SOMETIMES CONTROVERSIAL  
SUBJECTS. GET THE NEWEST HEAP FOR  
A MERE \$2.50 POSTPAID.

BROOKSIDE YOUTH CENTER (RIDDIE JAIL)  
SAYS TORN SCROTUM IS "PORNOGRAPHIC  
AND ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT".

JOE REDNECK SAYS, "MAKES DAMN GOOD BUTT  
PAPER!"

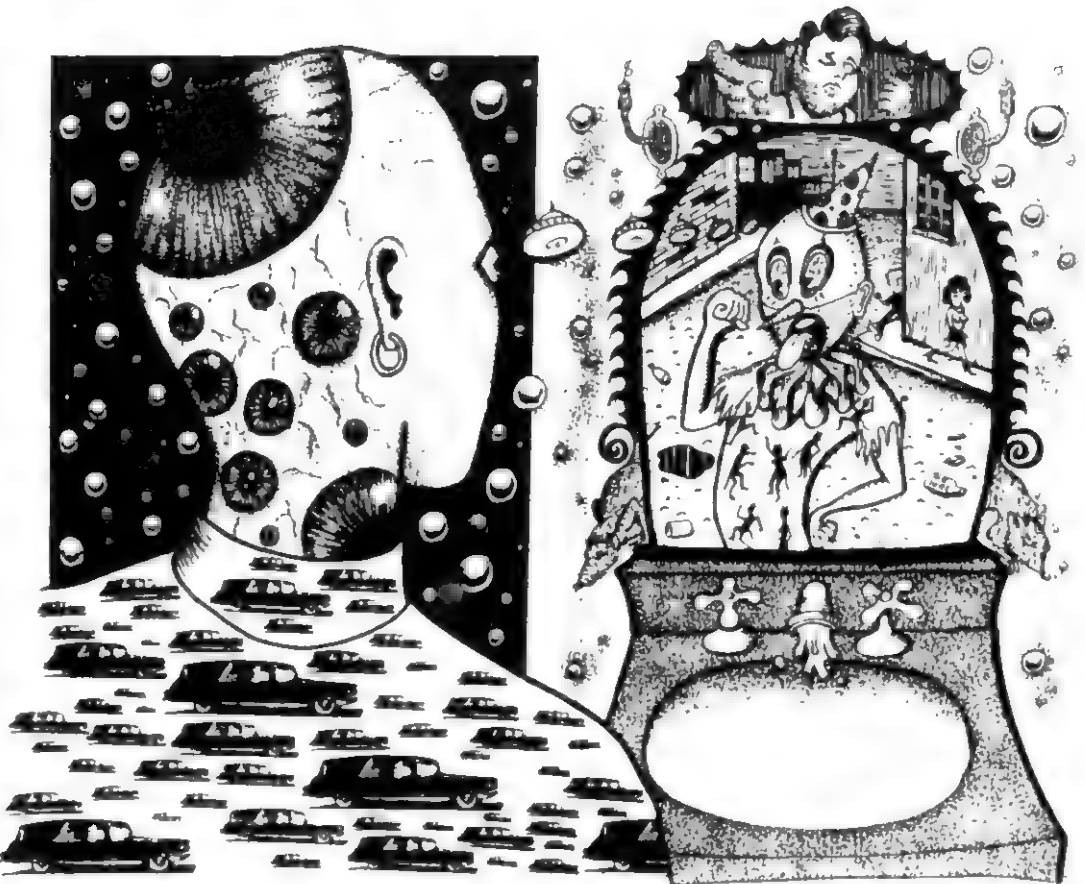
TORN SCROTUM  
P.O. BOX 293  
WELLAND ONTARIO  
CANADA L3B 5P4



**SPUTUM SPECIMEN**



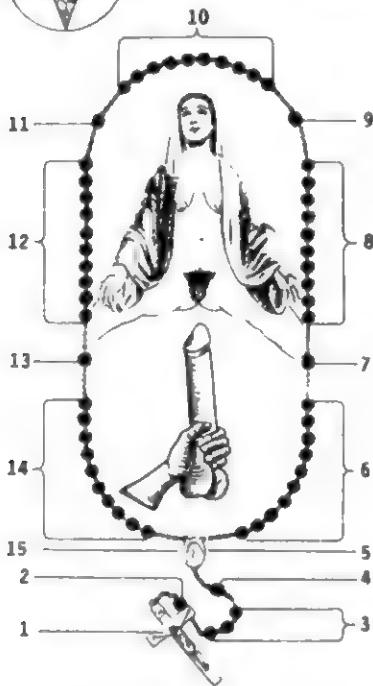
**SUBCUTANEOUS INJECTION**







# How To PRAY THE MOST UNHOLY SATANIC ROSARY



O SATAN, MIGHTY LORD & MASTER, I PONDRE THE DEAD BODY OF JESUS CHRIST AS I PREPARE TO PRAY THE UNHOLY ROSARY I PRESS THE CROWN OF THORNS DEEPER INTO HIS SKULL. I PUSH THE NAILS DEEPER INTO HIS HANDS & FEET.

1 MAY MY PRAYERS RE-CRUCIFY THE SON-OF-THE-BITCH! MAY MY PRAYERS BRING BACK TO THE WHORE OF HEAVEN THE SORROW & GRIEF SHE FELT AS SHE WATCHED HER BASTARD SON SUFFER & DIE. AND MAY MY PRAYERS BRING YOU, LORD SATAN, GLORY & HONOR FOREVER! AMEN.

2 NAIL SATAN! NAIL SATAN! NAIL SATAN!

3 FUCK THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY!  
FUCK THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY!  
FUCK THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY!

4 NAIL SATAN! NAIL SATAN! NAIL SATAN!

5 NAIL MARY! LISTEN TO ME, CUNT! BE ATTENTIVE TO EVERY WORD I PRAY! FEEL THE POWER OF MY HATRED FOR YOU AND YOUR SON AS I PRAY..

FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF JESUS CHRIST  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF GOD  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF CHRISTIANS  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE CHURCH  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE SAINTS  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE ANGELS  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE PURE  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE HOLY  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE GOOD  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE INNOCENT

7 NAIL MARY! FUCK YOU, BITCH!  
AND FUCK THE FRUIT OF YOUR WOMB, JESUS!

FUCK YOU, MARY. AND ALL WHO LOVE YOU  
FUCK YOU, MARY. AND ALL WHO PRAY TO YOU  
FUCK YOU, MARY. AND ALL WHO IMITATE YOU  
FUCK YOU, MARY. AND ALL WHO SERVE YOU  
FUCK YOU, MARY. AND YOUR IMMACULATE CONCEPT  
FUCK YOU, MARY. AND YOUR GLORIOUS ASSUMPTION  
FUCK YOU, MARY. AND YOUR VIRGINAL PREGNANCY  
FUCK YOU, MARY. AND JOSEPH, YOUR HUSBAND  
FUCK YOU, MARY. AND YOUR WORTHLESS GOD  
FUCK YOU, MARY. AND YOUR BASTARD SON

9 NAIL MARY! BLOW ME, WHORE!  
FUCK THE FRUIT OF YOUR WOMB, JESUS!

FUCK YOU, MARY. AND YOUR IMMACULATE HEART  
FUCK YOU, MARY. QUEEN OF THE HOLY ROSARY  
FUCK YOU, MARY. EVER-VIRGIN MOTHER  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER MOST PURE  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOST MOST CHASTE  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER UNDEFILED  
FUCK YOU, MARY. LOWLY SERVANT OF GOD  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF PURE LOVE  
FUCK YOU, MARY. CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN  
FUCK YOU, MARY. FULL OF GRACE

11 NAIL MARY! EAT MY COCK!  
FUCK THE FRUIT OF YOUR WOMB, JESUS!

FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE REJECTED CHRIST  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE BETRAYED CHRIST  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE DENIED CHRIST  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE ABANDONED CHRIST  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE SCOURGED CHRIST  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE MOCKED CHRIST  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE CRUCIFIED CHRIST  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE PIERCED CHRIST  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE BASTARD CHRIST  
FUCK YOU, MARY. MOTHER OF THE DEAD CHRIST

13 NAIL MARY! EAT SHIT, CUNT!  
FUCK THE FRUIT OF YOUR WOMB, JESUS!

FUCK YOU, MARY. YOU UNDEFILED CUNT  
FUCK YOU, MARY. YOU WASTED PUSY  
FUCK YOU, MARY. YOU NEVER-FUCKED BITCH  
FUCK YOU, MARY. YOU NEVER-SCARED MOTHER  
FUCK YOU, MARY. YOU IMMACULATE HOLE  
FUCK YOU, MARY. YOU NEVER-CKOCKED SLUT  
FUCK YOU, MARY. YOU NEVER-PRICKED WHORE  
FUCK YOU, MARY. YOU USELESS VAGINA  
FUCK YOU, MARY. YOU GOOD-FOR-NOTHING VIRGIN  
FUCK YOU, MARY. YOU WOMB OF SHIT

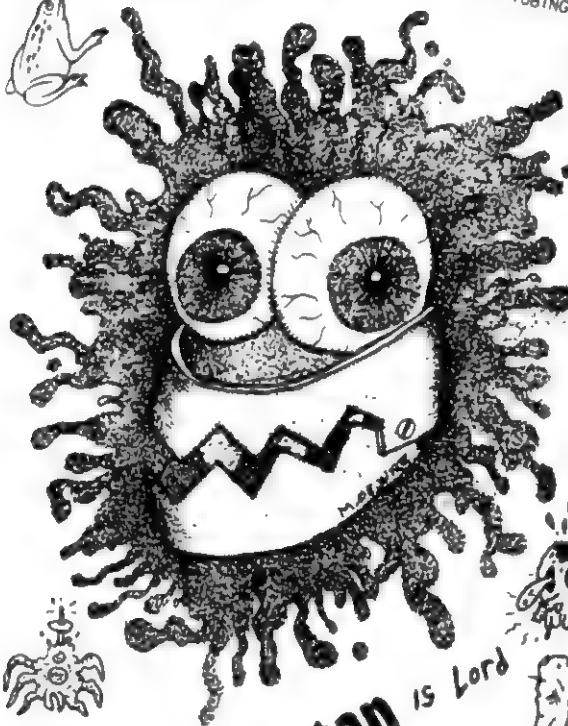
15 LORD GOD SATAN, MIGHTY PRINCE OF DARKNESS, IN THE BLASPHEMOUS PRAYERS OF THE MOST UNHOLY ROSARY BRING YOU GLORY AND HONOR NOW AND FOREVER! AMEN!

(THE SATANIC ROSARY IS MOST APPROPRIATELY COMPLETED BY DESECRATING THE CRUCIFIX AND THE BEADS WITH SPIT, PISS, SHIT, CUM OR ALL FOUR

# ENEMA—CAN METHOD

GLASS TUBING

adolescence is even more difficult due to changing family patterns, confusing role expectations, availability of drugs and alcohol and pressures for premarital sex



WAR  
NOW!

FROG'S FOOT WITH WEBBING  
STRETCHED OVER HOLE



## VAGINAL

(Douches)

### PURPOSE(S)

- 1 Cleanse the vaginal canal
- 2 Deodorize
- 3 Apply heat
- 4 instill medication

Satan is Lord

### TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

The best sex is a brutal, violent act of hatred. Your cock is but one of many tools at your disposal to inflict pain. It is an angry weapon, charged with a steaming load of viciousness and contempt.

+ Your agony is my pleasure. +

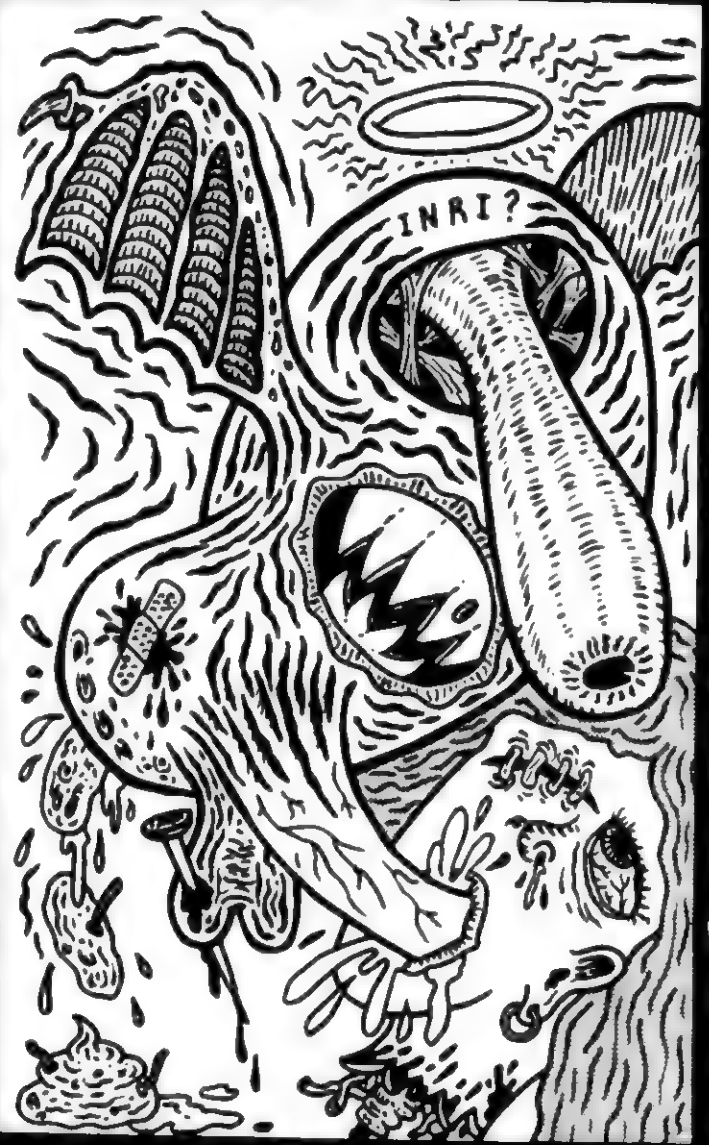


MALE CUNT



EAT  
THE  
MEAT  
THEN  
BARF!





ONE OF GODS HORN-E ANGELS

MIKE DIANA '90

Executive Editor: Donald E. Wildmon  
Editor: Randall Murphree  
Editorial Assistant: Jessica Hucksby

AFA is a Christian organization promoting the Biblical ethic of decency in America society with primary emphasis on TV and other media.



# Journal

of the American Family Association

Statistics show that one child is molested every two minutes in the United States. Yet, for each victim known, nine remain hidden from authorities. "One in every five victims is a child under the age of even, and close to half of all victims under age 18 will be the targets of repeated sexual abuse" (Dodd et al, 1984).

Every year, thousands of youngsters fall prey to deviant adults. The molesters may be day-care workers, transients, students, teachers, waiters, financial consultants, truck drivers—people in all walks of life. Sexual offenders whose primary victims are children are people in every profession, social class, ethnic background, and religious persuasion. By conservative estimates, there are four million child molesters within the United States population today (Gesser, 1978; Groth, 1978; McCall, 1984). Of this number, around 95 percent are male and five percent are female.

Another case: Brothers, ages 9 and 10 discover their parents' hard core pornographic video tapes and play them repeatedly when the parents are gone to work. They then proceed to sexually abuse two younger boys (ages 6 and 8) living in the home. They also abuse a neighbor boy who is a friend of the young children. They force the younger children to witness a pornographic video cassette. They then make them remove their clothes. They force dirt, socks, and small rocks into their rectums. They force the younger children to perform oral and anal sex, and play with their genitals in the shower. They then threaten to shoot the younger boys with a BB gun if they tell anyone. This activity goes on for several years with many variations without the parents' knowledge or awareness that their X-rated videos have become a major educational instrument in the sexual abuse of innocent children.

## Wants to be men porn mag 15, 1-year-old re. 's 12-year-old

A 10-year-old child reared and charged girl London, with raping a 12-year-old boy. London's parents say the child is the youngest rape suspect they have ever arrested.

Police said that after they talked to his parents and took the boy into custody, they searched his room. They found dozens of pornographic magazines, nude photos, and other sexually-explicit materials.

## 10-year-old porn-rape victim

Dear Sir

My ten-year old niece was sexually assaulted by her stepfather who had a stack of pornographic magazines in his house. The man admits the magazines excited him.

A concerned supporter in Texas

## Use of pornography at 13 young boys

Yet another case linking pornography with the sexual abuse of children has come to the fore. This tragic story involves former policeman James J. O'Boyle of East Rockhill, Pennsylvania, who has been charged with 21 complaints of sexual abuse of 13 young boys.

The Quakertown Free Press reported: "According to testimony before the grand jury, O'Boyle came to the district attorney's office June 3 and admitted the sexual acts with the young boys. He (O'Boyle) told authorities he is a pedophile and a member of various groups which engage in these activities."

## Children dial Santa, get porn

During the recent holiday season some Lund, Nevada children dialed a special Santa Claus number on the telephone but instead got a dial-a-porn number with a woman describing an illicit sex act.

## Teenager tells of addiction

Dear Brother Don:

Here is a letter from my 15-year-old son who is now in a state school.

"I used to go to Dumpster's anytime I got the chance because I would look for dirty Playboy books. After a while it was where I had to see the book. I had to see naked women. I mean it was I looked at them so much that I actually wanted to rape a girl. I am serious. I still think about it even now. Lucky I'm in state school."

This was written by my 15-year-old son who is addicted to pornography.

A mother in Texas

## Youth rapes seven-year-old after showing her porn

In Rochester, New York, a 7-year-old girl was raped by a 14-year-old boy. Nasser Kalawase was charged with six counts of first-degree rape. The little girl described for a jury how she was raped three times at knifepoint by Kalawase.

The girl said Kalawase showed her "dirty pictures" in magazines in the closet of a bedroom before raping her.

Our baby was born, a beautiful little girl. I was so proud of her and wanted to share her infancy with her father. He had become a very cold person and did not seem very excited about the birth of our daughter. The pornographic movie watching increased and he was buying books on sex with animals and family members. I tried to shut out of my mind what he was doing, but it was always with me like a bad cloud hanging over my head.

Two weeks after our daughter's first birthday my worst fears came to be. I discovered my husband naked in the family room with my daughter's little hands wrapped around his penis masturbating. I felt angry, betrayed, confused, and sick. I removed the baby from the room and begged him to go for help. He lay there on the floor masturbating and screamed at me, "You are so stupid. Everybody does this, I was not hurting the baby. It is fun and exciting, just like in the movies. You are so stupid and boring!"

What followed in the next hour and a half is enough to boggle the mind of an adult, much less that of a child. My child was forced to watch not a child's fantasy movie, but an "adult fantasy" film—pornography in the form of a video cassette. When he had been sufficiently aroused by the film, the neighbor raped and sodomized my daughter, not once but twice each. She was chased through the house, screamed at, slammed against a wall and held down on a cold bathroom floor. When it was over, her body was bruised and swollen. The bruises on her body have never faded, but the emotional bruises remain and the healing process is painfully slow. The happy, gregarious, open child of 1985 became the withdrawn, mistrusting, angry child of 1986 overnight because a young man took pleasure in causing her pain.

KILL THE LITTLE  
SHIT, ABE!!!



**Surprise Poster #666**



**Baby in a Blender™**

# Be Evil.

THOSE HEAVY INTO WITCHCRAFT BELIEVE THAT SATAN WILL WIN AT THE BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON, WHEN CHRIST RETURNS. THEY BELIEVE THEY WILL BE CROWNED FOR THEIR EVIL ACCOMPLISHMENTS BY THEIR GOD (THE DEVIL)...



**The  
Power of  
Darkness**



**FEAR  
NO  
EVIL**



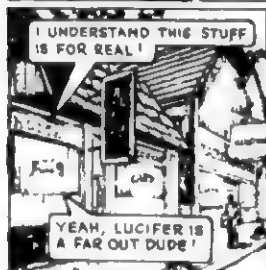
What Is Virtue?

Virtue is the readiness to do what is good

Virtue is not popular today because the modern world has refined some of Satan's time-honored ploys.

**Virtue is for losers!**

## Turn Away From God



**DANCE WITH  
THE DEVIL**



**My Lord and  
master Satan,**

I acknowledge you as my God and Prince and promise to serve and obey you while I live. And I renounce the other god and Jesus Christ, the saints and the Church and its sacraments, and I promise to do whatever evil I can, and I renounce all the merits of Jesus Christ, and if I fail to serve and adore you, paying homage to you daily, I give you my life as your own. This pact was made the \_\_\_\_\_th day of \_\_\_\_\_, 19\_\_\_\_, signed \_\_\_\_\_



# ABOMINATION

## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

**JESUS FUCK CHRIST**



Dear Disciple, my Friend,

South Cashes  
Abandoned farmhouse

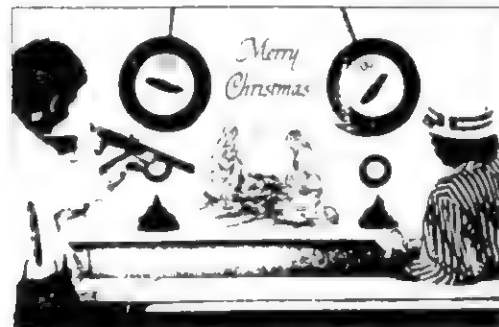
The devil warned me there'd be times like this. Indirectly he did it. Obviously Satan didn't exactly say it, he hinted it. It was when he showed me all the kingdoms of the world and all their riches. He said I'd never be lacking in supporters if I gave allegiance to MAMMON. If I wanted to get ahead in the world—to win friends and influence people—all I had to do was use his tactics and lie to people and bully them until I carved out my fortune. Then the world would be my oyster!

But I decided against being subservient to him. Exploitation by whatever tricks manipulation in any of its forms—all these I've chosen to forego. And so I'm left with a dwindling of friends, a weakness of position, a lack of status—and a road that leads to Jerusalem and to its destined execution.

Love

Jesus

*"He shall be mocked and scourged and spit upon."*



**Shooting the Shit**

**LET'S HEAR  
IT FOR**

**The Devil!**

So innocent  
...so vulnerable.



THE DEVIL'S PLATTHING

a full size cross on it is nailed a full-size crucified pig!

**BULL'S EYE!**

JESUSUCKSHIT  
HAIL SATAN!

**Prayerwords**

HAIL SATAN! FUCK CHRIST  
FUCK GOD! Fuck Jesus Satan to Lord! Jesus is fucked!

**The Light Side of Darkness**







## IF GOD SEEMS FAR AWAY... ...WHO DO YOU THINK MOVED?!

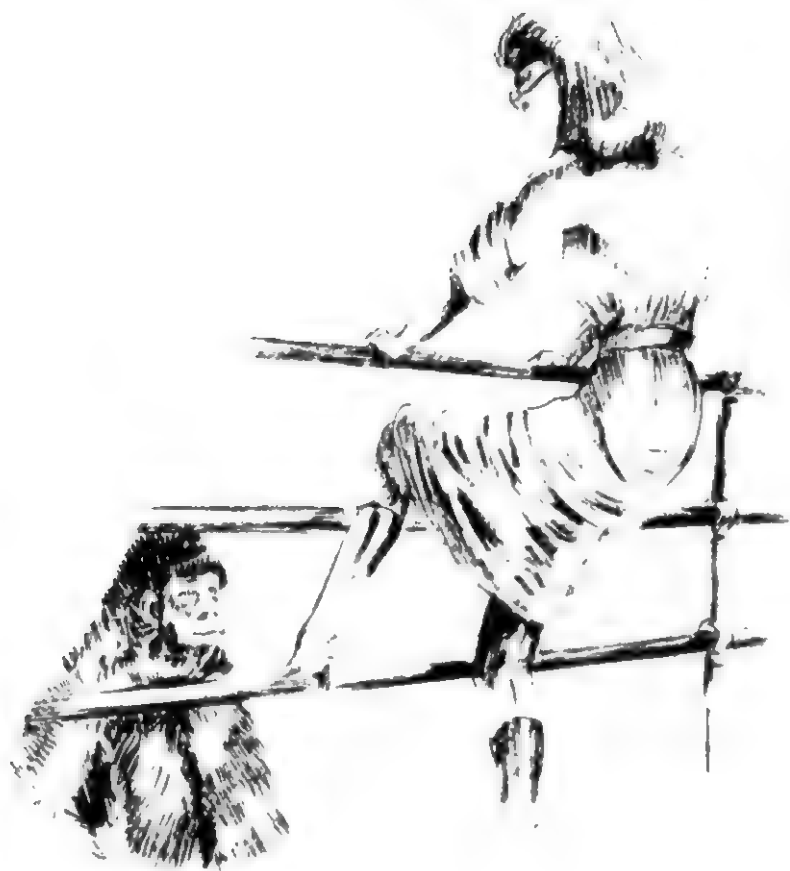
who cares? The important thing is that God is far away. Aren't you GLAD he's far away? Be honest--aren't you much better off that God's not bothering you any more? Look at that picture of His son on this page. Do you want HIM close to you? I know I don't. Looks like he's ready to pounce on my dick and suck me dry. Speaking of DICK grab yours. Or, if you're in a public place, grab your crotch in a discreet manner, but GRAB IT! Go ahead, pussy! do it. This is important! What's the point, you ask Satan. rep. the Prince of Darkness. Satan is that close to you. As close as your hands to the most important thing in your life FORK COCK. You see, if God was close to you, you wouldn't have your hand on your stuff right now because it would be a sin! God wouldn't let you fondle yourself. But with Satan, it's OK! In fact, with Satan you can do any fucking thing you want to do! Be a son of forever telling you. Don't do that. Don't think that! No, B. Friend, Satan tells you. If it feels good, do it. If you want it, Satan wants it! You don't hear Satan saying, Love your enemies. Be good to those who hate you! Turn the other cheek! Give everything to the poor. Don't just. Don't masturbate, fornicate or adulterate. "ate up your crosses! Suffer! Be miserable. Tell Be Buddi, do you think the asshole who said those things LIVED?" I don't think so. Sounds like he wants you to be as miserable as he was! Fuck Him. Ar, stop the phony "I'm so shocked!" bullshit. You've been wanting to say that for a long time haven't you? So, go ahead say it: FUCK HIM! Fuck who? FUCK JESUS! Feels good, doesn't it? It feels good because Jesus fuck Christ has oppressed you and wants to oppress you some more. So fuck him again! Decide today to be FREE! from his dictates, from the heavy load he places on your shoulders. Accept SATAN as your Personal Savior. BE SAVED! Saved from the stupid Jesus the boring life, the fucking bullshit of Jesus Christ! "But," you're thinking, "I don't want to go to hell." Of course you do. Would you rather go to heaven and spend eternity worshipping a god you don't even like and who doesn't like you? Do you want to spend the next trillion years playing a fucking harp and singing "How Great Thou Art" with boring assholes? You hate

going to church for one god-damned hour. Is that how you want to spend forever? No. B. Friend, you want to go to hell, where you can spend your time doing whatever the Hell you want to do. Don't believe the lies you've been told about heaven or hell. The only people who suffer in Hell are the ones who never make up their minds about WHO they want to serve. YOU want to serve SATAN and YOU want to go to HELL! And you want to go to hell NOW! (es Be), begins NOW! Just look around you. Who seems to be in charge of the world? The god of love & peace? Doesn't look that way, does it? Who seems to be more powerful, the god of Heaven or the God of Hell? The know the answer. Buddi. Filth, pain, degradation, war, poverty, sick sex, perversion. SHIT IS EVERYWHERE! HELL IS EVERYWHERE! SIX RULES! SATAN RULES! YOU can rule with Satan NOW! Yes, you can! You can join the growing army of enlightened individuals who have discarded the LIES told them as children! You can be a member of an elite group of thinking people who know that SATAN IS GOD! Let Satan into your heart! Find your balls and discover the POWER and the JOY of serving him now and forever. Grab your dick and work on it and pray this prayer: MY LORD AND MASTER SATAN, I, [state your name], SOLEMNLY PROMISE TODAY TO SERVE YOU AS MY ONLY GOD. I REJECT JESUS CHRIST AS SAVIOR AND ACCEPT YOU AS MY ONLY LORD. FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, I WILL STRIVE TO KNOW AND DO YOUR WILL IN ALL THINGS. YOU, TO RETURN, WILL PROCEED FOR ME THE PLEASURES AND THE POWERS THAT I DEMAND GLORY AND PRAISE TO YOU O NIGHT PRINCE OF DARKNESS. ALL SATAN! ALL! CONGRATULATIONS! To have been Born Again and your life will never be the same. You'll be wondering, HOW HEAVENLY? Just wait. Satan works quickly! Praise to him everyday. All day. Try to see the world through his eyes. Offer him praise for the things and events you know give him pleasure. Satan is within you and rules your very existence. He will guide you and show you the way. Should you change your daily routine? Not necessarily, but you should strive to bring the Spirit of Satan into every situation you find yourself in where you find joy in others bring unhappiness. Where you find love bring hate. Hope, despair. Faith, unbelief. You do it all. SECRETLY. SEPARATELY. However. No one must know you're a Devil worshiper except other Devil worshippers. Even if because of false situations you must continue to do to church bring Satan into that church. Pretend to be offering prayers to your ex-sister or while secretly you're blaspheming him! You're a former member. Don't let the communion host bring it home and desecrate it. You're a former Bible-believer, get a bible and piss on it. The possibilities are endless. Just be open to Satan's whisper. Secretly, you'd like to belong to a Satanic Church. It's not a gathering time. But you don't have to wait. Start your own god-damned cult! Show this thing you're reading to your friends. Don't see what you think about it right away, remember be secretive--and see if Satan speaks to them through it. It does, you're on your way to knowing the immense benefits of serving the Lord Satan within a Satanic Community. One more thing: educate yourself. You can find lots of info in occult book stores, ordinary bookstores, even the public library. Search out underground magazines. Learn to read between the lines. We're everywhere and WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU! BAIL SATAN!

P.S. If you're a female, this will work for you. You just substitute "pussy" for "dick" etc.

P.F.S. Want to show Satan you really mean business? Make copies of this and leave them in public places. DISCREETLY of course.















TASTELESS TALES OF SENSELESS VIOLENCE  
#1

ALONE IN THE WHITE ROOM

By James V. Scianna

She was a living doll. That's what Simon T. Bledsoe thought. But she wouldn't be living much longer. Her life was drawing to a rasping, twitching close but the fun was by no means over yet.

As it had turned out, Mommy's death was by no means a bad thing. But this wasn't Mommy. No. Even though Mommy had died rasping and twitching on a sterile hospital bed 20 miles outside of Fairvale California, consumed by an insidious internal cellular serial killer called cancer. Almost eight years ago. Simon cried for two days straight and never shed a tear after that. When the check came through (\$517,466.92 after taxes) it helped steel his resolve in bringing into the real world a place he had lived in in his head all his life. A little ranch to call his own. Hundreds upon hundreds of acres, miles from the main road, in turn miles from the nearest town. A perfect little place near the rim of Death (heh-heh) Valley, with breathtaking sunsets, flat sunbaked earth, ponderous mountains in the distance, the convenience of scavenging coyotes who came at night obligingly carried away any messes he casually left lying about, and not a soul for miles and miles about to hear the screams.

He enjoyed it himself. The screaming. Music to his ravenous ears there in the studio. Specially built to the point of acoustic perfection. A host of directional microphones to capture every whimper, every shriek, every moan, every rasp, every twitching, hitching, sobbing gasp until they breathed their last. Such beautiful sounds. Sometimes singing in his head even when they weren't there, bolting him upright from a deep sleep, mingling with his own screams, spreading through the empty house like the hot pool of semen in his underwear. Miles of tape, audio and video were kept in a lead filled safe. Catalogued, multi indexed, cross referenced. Reverently protected and religiously duplicated in case of accidental erasure due to overuse or residual radiation in the area.

The studio was soundproof, and white, white, white. Save for the recording visquine-covered audio and video equipment, it was all in white in easily washable leather, not unlike an operating room. A drain in the floor caked rusty red with years of accumulated semen, excrement, piss, and blood had ran hot and slick in flowing torrents so many times.

So many times.

He always loved to tell them how stupid they were to hitchhike in the first point and then trusting a guy like him who abducted them at gunpoint, then promised not to hurt them to avoid a struggle until he had them on his rack, spreadeagled and naked. He could tell them anything then. Get real close and whisper in their ear exactly what he would do to them.

It all playing in his head as he advanced on her, admiring his handywork.

They always said the same thing, like clockwork before they started, every time. "Please... please don't kill me!"

"Don't worry, darling. By the time we're finished you'll be begging me to." And, like a pre-arranged ritual their eyes would overflow with terror and the screaming would start, mixing with his joyful laughter.

He had rended mouthfuls of wet meat from her heaving breasts, chewing and swallowing the coppery tasting filets with lusty abandon. She kept screaming "NO! NO! NO!" quite forcefully over and over like a cracked record and he stiffened more with every word as he screamed "YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!" kissing and licking her horrified face sloppily with his blood soaked lips until she threatened to pass out. Three quick slugs in the solar plexus brought her around and he finished cutting her shredded, dripping chest off with his bowie knife, placing the crimson piles on the hot plate so she could watch and smell them sizzling as the overhead fan carried the stench into the night and soon the coyotes were howling.

The surface of her ribcage was exposed in gory, chalkwhite rows and he cauterized the crimson flow with a battery powered iron he kept handy eventually having to bring her around with smelling salts. He didn't want her to miss the fun as he clipped off her manicured toes one by one with his wire cutters, then bisecting each dainty foot like cloven hooves. She screamed a lot.

The right forearm went next. One whirling swipe right through flesh and bone with the machete making a triumphant CRACK!. After cauterizing the spurting stump quickly, he had to use the smelling salts again. He made her watch him give himself a handjob with her, that is, his hand then fitted the severed limb, now turning blue, with nails to place in the most effective of places. Her eyeballs had come out then, to dangle from their stems so she couldn't miss the action below or have the option of closing them. She looked like she was wearing one of those gag pair of glasses you picked up at a joke store where the bug eyes hung down

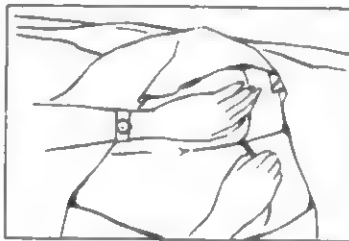




# OUR DAILY BREAD BY JVS

SOMETIMES I SIT AGAINST THE SIDE WALL OF SEVEN ELEVEN  
AROUND THE CORNER  
AGAINST THE PIMPLY HARD BEIGE WALL  
AND EAT HORRID DAY GLO HOT DOGS  
MADE OF PLASTIC MEAT  
IN A BUN MADE OF FLUFFY CHALK AND PUFFED PAPER  
SMOTHERED IN COLORFUL CHEMICALS  
BURSTING IN MY MOUTH  
I GIVE LITTLE GROANS OF PLEASURE AS I'M CHOMPING ON THIS  
BLASPHEMY THAT PASSES FOR FOOD  
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THIS COULD BE MADE OF  
I FIGURE THIS IS THE BEST I CAN GET  
AND JUST ABOUT EVERY TIME  
I IMAGINE A CAR FULL OF MEMBERS  
FROM A CRACK CRAZED MEXICAN GANG  
WILL DRIVE BY WITHOUT STOPPING  
AND STRAFE ME WITH AN UZI  
SNARING ME  
AND BISECTING ME  
WITH A BLOSSOMING LINE OF DEATH  
APPEARING LIKE ABSOLUTE MAGIC  
ACROSS MY CHEST  
ONE LITTLE RED FLOWER GOES HERE  
RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE  
PERFECT CENTER  
DEAD AIM  
MATTING MY CHEST HAIRS WITH MY OWN BLOOD  
I'M ALIVE JUST LONG ENOUGH TO FEEL THE WONDER OF IT  
TO KNOW THE WARM PAIN RUNNING DOWN MY LOVE HANDLES  
INTO MY UNDERWEAR  
STAINING THEM RED  
SPREADING OUT BENEATH ME  
INTO THE SWEATING GRASS  
PINNED TO THE WALL BY A BULLET  
KNOWING THE DISCOMFORT WILL BE OVER SOON

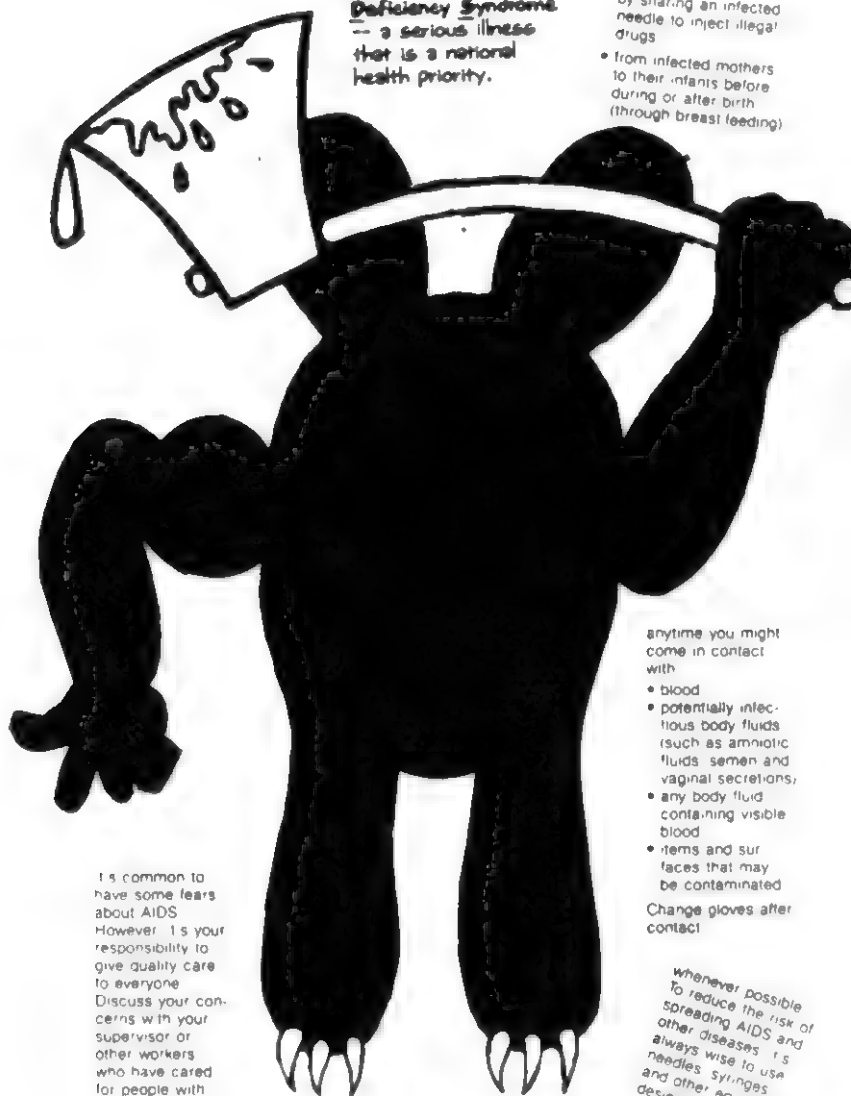
1. Examine the skin area, if hair is present ask physician if area is to be shaved, wash back, if necessary
2. Place patient into position.



*The Breaking of the Host*

**Acquired Immune  
Deficiency Syndrome**  
— a serious illness  
that is a national  
health priority.

- through sexual inter-  
course with an infected  
person
- by sharing an infected  
needle to inject illegal  
drugs
- from infected mothers  
to their infants before  
during or after birth  
(through breast feeding)



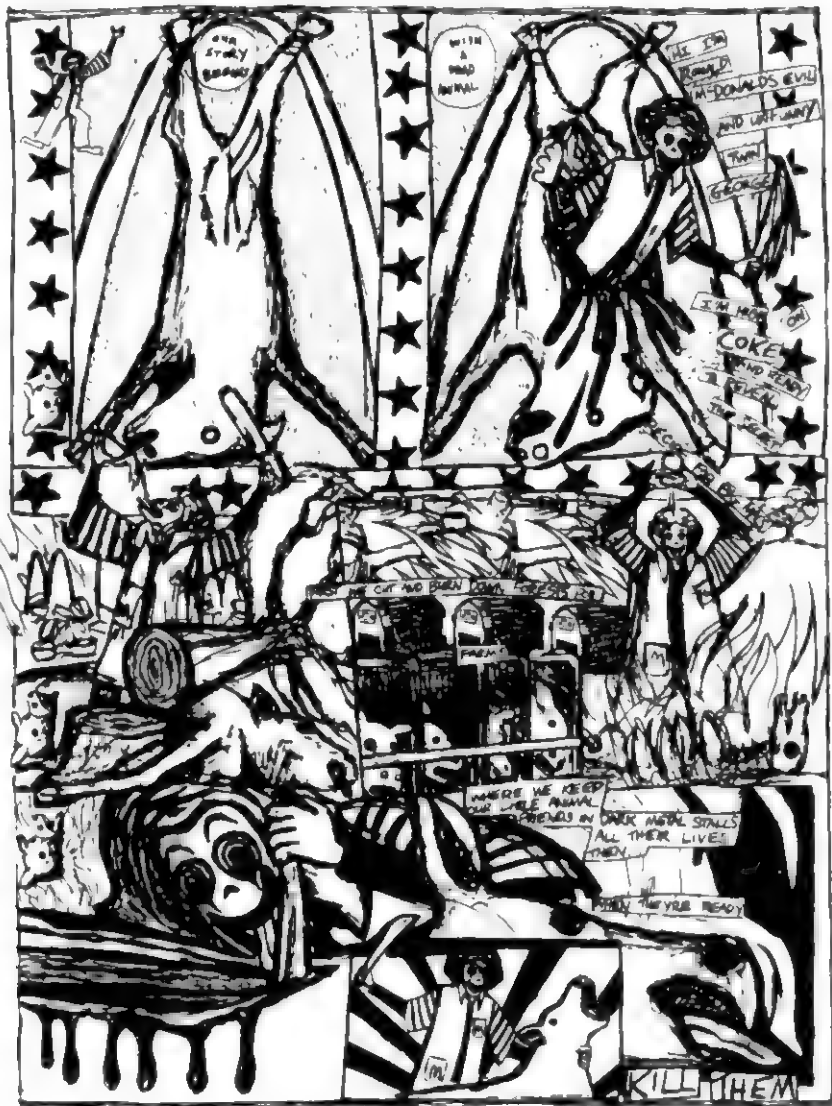
It's common to  
have some fears  
about AIDS.  
However, it's your  
responsibility to  
give quality care  
to everyone.  
Discuss your con-  
cerns with your  
supervisor or  
other workers  
who have cared  
for people with  
AIDS.

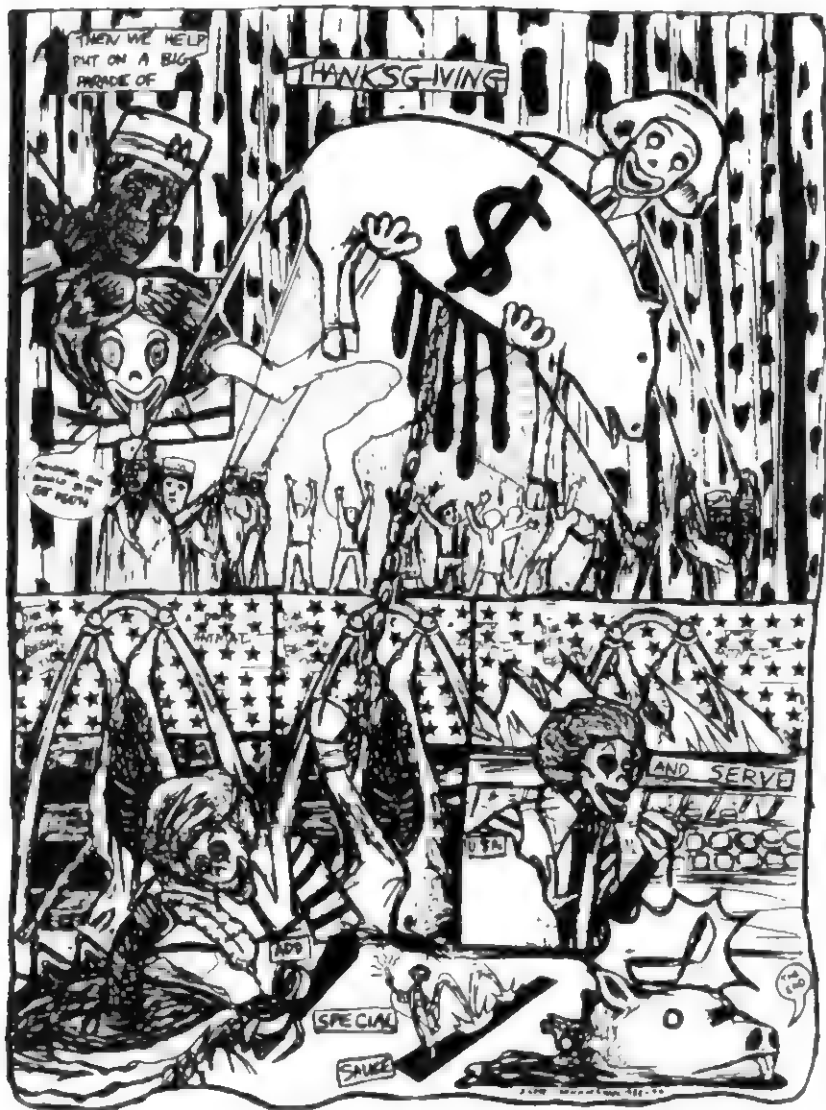
anytime you might  
come in contact  
with

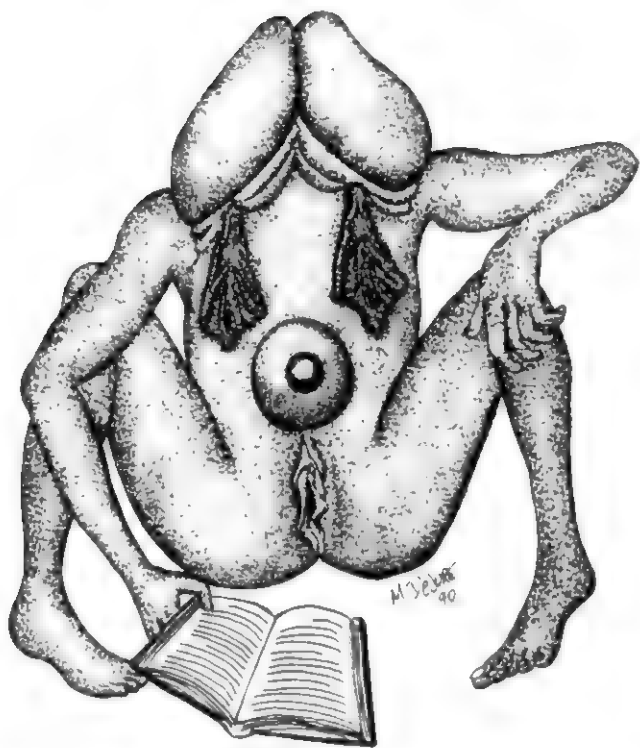
- blood
- potentially infec-  
tious body fluids  
(such as amniotic  
fluids, semen and  
vaginal secretions)
- any body fluid  
containing visible  
blood
- items and sur-  
faces that may  
be contaminated

Change gloves after  
contact

whenever possible  
to reduce the risk of  
spreading AIDS and  
other diseases, it's  
always wise to use  
needles, syringes  
and other equipment  
designed to be dis-  
carded after one  
use.



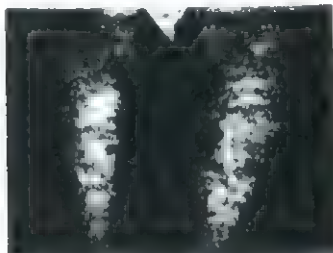




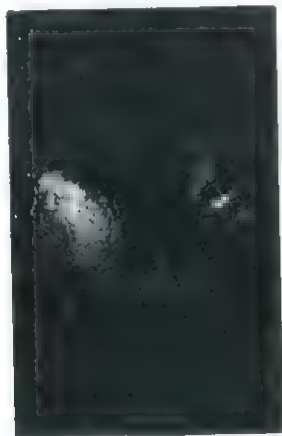
A HIDDEN FIRE  
BY JVS

9-19 30

SEEPING POWER OF MY GRANITE STONE ROCK FACE CAPPILARIES  
PUMMEL WITH RELIGIOUS TENACITY.  
MEN WITH STEAMING ROTTEN BEARDS ELECTRIC BLUE AND SALTLESS  
TEARS WEEP DEEP INTO EACH OTHERS BEERS.  
POUNING THE SIDEWALK WITH A BLACKENED FIST POWERED GRAY AND  
CRUNCHING VINYL SMASHED AND CRASHED BENEATH MY FEET STILL  
DON'T HAVE ENOUGH TO EAT. EVERYTHING SEEMS SO DAMN FINAL.  
GODDAMMIT ANYWAY I CAN'T SAY IT ENOUGH. NOT HERE. WHY I  
DIDN'T TELL HIM HOW I FELT BEFORE HE WENT. THIS IS  
EVERYTHING WE FEAR. EXCEPT THAT ONE TIME ON THE PORCH OF  
MEMORY, HOLD HIM TIGHT IN HIS DESPAIR, REMIND HIM THAT YOU  
STILL ARE THERE. WHAT IF HE'S NOT TO KNOW YOU CARE?  
GODDAMMIT ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAT I SAY.  
PERHAPS WE'LL MEET AGAIN SOMEDAY.  
THE SKY EXPLODES AND VOMITS DOWN SICKNESS ON ME THAT I  
CANNOT FEEL. WE CANNOT FEEL IMAGINED PAIN NO MATTER HOW WE  
TRY TO MAKE IT REAL. NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES OUR EYBALLS  
ARE VIVIDLY PLUCKED OUT BY METAL TALONS. LET ANOTHER SHOW  
US FOR A CHANGE INSTEAD OF BOUNCING ROUND AND ROUND OUR  
BRAINS AND DRIVING US INSANE.  
FIRE DRIPS FROM MY CEILING.  
STALACTITES IN FORMATION.  
MELTING RUBBER BANDS.  
CAN'T EVEN LEAVE THIS PLACE.  
IT DOESN'T MATTER.  
THERE ARE WORSE THINGS I CAN STAND.  
I WONDER HOW SHE'D LOOK WITHOUT A HEAD.  
IT'S THOSE KIND OF IMAGES I DREAD.  
TOO TERRIBLE TO BEAR.  
WEEPING IN MY IMAGINED JAIL CELL AT THE CRUELTY OF MY OWN  
THOUGHTS.  
AND YET I'M LED BACK BY THE HAND.  
AND MADE TO TOUCH THAT COLD THING I CONJURED UP OUT OF THE  
SHADOWS.  
AND LIKE A DRUNKEN CHILD  
WITH CHINESE EYES  
I'M MESMERIZED  
A STUPID GRIN  
ABOVE A DROOLING CHIN  
IN FEAR OF A PRETENDED SIN  
A DREAM OF MADNESS LIES



134 What are these leavens and how were they coined?



8-17-90

# QUIET DESPERATION

By JVS

EVERY MAN HAS HIS BREAKING POINT  
YOU AND I HAVE ONE  
WALTER KURTZ HAS REACHED HIS  
AND QUITE OBVIOUSLY HE HAS GONE INSANE  
PURSED ANAL RETENTIVE LIPS SIT PRECISELY AND THE DINNER  
TABLE  
LEAVING NO RECOURSE AS THEY EXPLAIN THE SITUATION  
THERE IS NO INSERTION HERE  
SAVE FOR DELICATE PIECES OF CRISP JUICY STRINGY PIECES OF  
TENDER ROAST BEEF AND DELICATELY BUTTERED ASPARAGUS TIPS  
HAVE SOME  
HAVE SOME  
HAVE SOME  
HAVE SOME  
KURTZ SITS AND JABBERS SLOWLY  
TIREDELY WITH DELIBERATE EXPLANATION  
HIS FAT FORM DWELLS HEAVILY IN THE SUNLESS CENTER OF AN  
UNBREAKABLE SPIDER WEB OF A MILLION FRUSTRATED DREAMS  
A SWOLLEN SPIDER OF MIDNIGHT BLACKNESS  
A HEART OF DARKNESS  
AN UNREACHABLE CHASM OF INFINITE DEPTH  
POWERLESS TO STOP US  
POWERLESS TO STOP US  
POWERLESS TO STOP US  
POWERLESS TO STOP US  
HAI HAI HAI HAI  
SQUEEZING BLOOD OUT OF A CLENCHED FIST  
PASSION POURS FROM BETWEEN WHITE KNUCKLES  
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING  
AS I JIBBER AND SING  
AS A MILLION ANGRY RED FIRE WASPS  
DANCE AND STING THEIR WAY INTO MY FLUTTERING SWOLLEN EYELIDS  
DRY HUMMING MY CHATTERING TEETH  
A FROZEN DEATH MASK OF NEUTRAL ACCEPTANCE  
ONE AND A HALF INCHES OF CHALK GRAY PANCAKE MAKEUP  
NUMBER THREE  
A SCREAMING SKULL UNDERNEATH  
GRINNING WITH BONE SPLINTERING MADNESS  
FIRE UP THE CHARIOT FOR THAT FINAL MILE  
WEREN'T ABLE TO ERASE MY SMILE  
NO MATTER HOW MANY COTTON BALLS THEY USED  
NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES THEY ABUSED THEIR POSITIONS  
OR TOOK ADVANTAGE OF MINE  
I FLATTER MYSELF  
THEY ARE NOT AWARE OF ME  
I AM A BOTTLE FLOATING UNTOUCHED  
BORN ON TASTLESS TURBULENCE  
ENDLESSLY RESTLESS  
GOING NOT WHERE  
WAITING FOR A SHARP ROCK TO CRACK ME OPEN  
AND THE WAVES TO READ THE MESSAGE INSIDE





Do you see the danger?

The danger is that some people don't wait until they are married. The more they caress each other (it's usually called petting), the more they want to use their sex organs ("want to have sexual intercourse" is another way of saying this)—and some of them do. In so doing they disobey God. Intercourse affects a person's mind and heart. It is the closest relationship two people can have. Usually sexual intercourse gives both people a feeling of intense physical pleasure and when kept within marriage it helps both partners feel emotionally satisfied. When used outside of marriage it can cause much sorrow, for God is displeased, and guilt replaces the happiness God intended people to experience.



## THE INTERNAL GYNECOLOGICAL EXAMINATION



A woman on an examining table with her feet in stirrups for an internal examination.

SINGLE URINE SPECIMENS



STOOL SPECIMEN

## A BIG DICK FOR CHRIST

Sometimes other kids, and even adults who don't know better, laugh and giggle and whisper cheap wisecracks and silly stories about this wonderful process of being born. The beginning of life is one of the most important and fascinating events in this world. We need to realize what it means for God to create a new life and send it into the world to serve Him. God's marvelous plan for creating new life should cause amazement and rejoicing, not giggling!





BOILED  
ANGEL #6

